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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK.	709	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		The Testimony of Our Earthworks	720	"The Blue Bird." By Lord Alfred Douglas	725
The Anarchist Beast	712	The Evolution of Bridge	722	REVIEWS:	
"China for the Chinese"	713	Chess	722	Mrs. Humphry Ward's Art	725
German Problems	714	VERSE:		The Origin of Coin-Types	726
Naval Manœuvres 1906	715	The Prayer. By Ralph Hodgson	721	A Notable Woman	727
INSURANCE UNREST	716	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Soul of the Urban	728
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Father Martin's Historic Work	723	S. Alphonsus Liguori	729
Reichismus. By Max Beerbohm	717	The British Wheat Bill. By C. A. Ward	724	NOVELS	729
Mischa Elman's Genius. By Harold E. Gorst	718	The Future State of Animals. By Walter Herries Pollock	724	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	730
A Heretic on Games. By Cecil S. Kent	719	Vint	724	THE JUNE REVIEWS	731
				FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART	732

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Moral, the anarchist who threw the bomb at the King and Queen of Spain, has since committed suicide. The Madrid press states that over a hundred people were killed or wounded by the explosion. Sir Howard Vincent has made a statement to the Paris correspondent of the "Times" which is well worth attending to. He with Lord Currie and Sir Godfrey Lushington represented England at the anti-anarchist conference some years ago in Rome, and he speaks in these matters with unquestioned authority. He believes that if the secret international system of watching the anarchists, which the conference established, had been continued, these crimes would probably never take place. Why has the system been abandoned or neglected? Apparently, from what Sir Howard Vincent says, it is no longer working. The mere punishment by death or imprisonment for life of criminals such as Sípido and Moral is by itself quite ineffective. As reasonably did Charlotte Corday hope to stay the Revolution by killing Marat.

The wedding festivities at Madrid this week have included the inevitable bull-fight, and there are people in some plenty here who are shocked and complaining because the new Queen of Spain attended it. But the point is the Queen had not the power—though we may be sure she had the wish—to contract out of it. One Spanish Queen tried to discountenance the sport of, practically, the entire Spanish nation and failed dangerously. Imagine an English sovereign disapproving of football and cricket as rough, even cruel games, and setting himself against them—his lot would be that of a Spanish sovereign who tries to put down bull-fighting. It is absurd to be enthusiastic one day about the marriage of an English Princess to a King of Spain and next day to be grieved and indignant

because she does not promptly take a step absolutely offensive—gratuitously offensive as most Spaniards would take it—to her new people.

The Queen, therefore, acted in the only reasonable, indeed, considering her position and duties, the only right way open to her. To refuse to attend, almost immediately after her coronation, would not be to take a step towards the education of the Spanish people in this matter, it would merely be an open affront to them. But to understand and agree with this is not to deny that much of the bull-fight spectacle in Spain, unlike that of Portugal, is an abomination. Helpless blind-fold horses, exposed to the wild fury of the bull, ripped open and then dragged or led from the ring—this is wholly detestable; "the Christians to the lions" was hardly worse. It is sickening cruelty. Strange irony that attached to, part and parcel of, a place where such things are done, there should be a chapel in which in case of necessity the bull-fighter can receive the Eucharist!

If only this horrible horse business could be done away with, the bull-fight would be very different. Why even should the bull be killed or wounded? The deftness, the wonderful cloak play, of chulos and bandilleros, above all of the espada, are the chief thing, and this could surely be witnessed without the wounding and killing of the bull, let alone the wretched horses. The risk run by the espada would probably be quite as great, and he would have need of all the swiftness and resource which he shows now, if this change were made. It may be objected of course that even with such a change the bull-fight would degrade the sightseers, for the risk run by the men would still constitute the chief charm and excitement; but a refined or humane spectacle no bull-fight ever can be. There seems no chance of doing away with it whilst Spain is Spain: on the other hand a change in the direction we refer to is surely not quite out of the region of possibility.

We are not surprised to read that diplomatists "do not share either the flamboyant or the official view" of the visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to Vienna. The Triple

Alliance stands exactly where it did. The close investigation to which the telegraphic phraseology of monarchs is subjected is likely to lead to an over-elaboration of deduction; this is ever the fate of textual criticism carried to an extreme. Italy cannot afford to break with her allies because German enmity, as we have always indicated, would do her more harm than would the possibility of being involved in certain German quarrels. It was not to be expected that after the telegram to Count Goluchowski King Victor Emanuel would be enthusiastic; he is however correct if not cordial. Meanwhile the Kaiser seems to have done a good deal to smooth over Magyar susceptibilities. The friendship of Hungary may be highly serviceable to Germany in certain contingencies not remote, and a few years ago the Kaiser was the foreign sovereign most sympathetic with Hungarian patriots. He may easily become so again.

France has new trouble in Morocco, and for all the effect it seems to have had on the Sultan and his advisers the Algeçiras conference might never have been held. A bank employé named Charbonnier was recently murdered near Tangier, and the French Government are insisting on compensation, the capture and execution of the murderer, an official apology and the erection of a memorial on the site of the crime. These were the conditions imposed by Germany in similar circumstances two years ago. Two French warships have been sent to Tangier, and when the body of the murdered man was put on board ship on Wednesday the assemblage of Europeans bore witness to their consciousness of the necessity of standing shoulder to shoulder in face of a common menace. Unless the Maghzen shows a livelier sense of its responsibilities in the future than it has shown recently, there is serious work ahead for the international police.

Proceedings in the Russian Assembly this week have had some significance—not for aught in the way of statesmanship or legislation or for anything that has been said by any of the members. One division, however, on the land question showed that the peasants have not been captured by the revolutionaries. Having on a previous day shown a disposition to bring the whole Duma performance to a violent end and to support as a body the "Toil" programme, a mad scheme of the extremists, most of the peasant members on Wednesday voted against it. The land problem is probably the most urgent Russia has to meet, but it is already evident that the summoning of the Duma will in no way help towards its solution. To be against the Government is this parliamentary infant's only idea of statesmanship.

Japan is strengthening her commercial and military hold over both Manchuria and Korea, and we may expect to hear many complaints that the victors in the recent war are turning their opportunities to account, to the upset of the pretty sentiment that Japan spent her blood and treasure for the special benefit of the world at large. In Manchuria outside Port Arthur they are preparing to keep 20,000 men, and, whatever the desire of the Japanese Government may be with regard to the open door, Japanese traders and others will leave no stone unturned to secure for themselves alone the advantages of preference. In Korea the Marquis Ito's task is a difficult one. Rebels are in the field or have only just been disposed of, and every action of the Resident General, every concession given to the Japanese, is represented as a hardship to the natives. That the Japanese do not show too tender a regard for Korean susceptibilities is easy to understand, but perhaps the real cause of trouble is that they are now compelling the Korean to throw off the sloth of ages. It is a sore grievance that any son of the Hermit Kingdom should be made to work and assist in the development of the natural resources of his native land.

An enveloping movement has begun in Natal. The situation is distinctly unsatisfactory, and the enemy have again come very near to scoring a success which would in all probability have been the signal for a further if not a general rising. On Sunday last Royston's Horse, which had been energetically engaged in the burning of

Sigananda's kraals, had a narrow escape. The Zulus charged three times through thick bush, and the fighting was at close quarters. Only the admirable behaviour of the troopers prevented a grave disaster. The native levies are not to be depended on. They are inclined to bolt when matters become critical, and with exceptions are not equal to the rebels in daring. Another disturbing element is Dinizulu. His loyalty is again called in question. Those who know him do not attribute much weight to the report. He is in no doubt as to the will and ability of the whites at whatever cost to assert their authority, but as against other chiefs he is probably playing for his own hand.

In the South African discussion in Parliament yesterday Mr. Churchill said the Government hope to be able six weeks hence to make a decisive announcement with regard to the Transvaal Constitution. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's speech in Johannesburg on Sir West Ridgeway's work hardly suggests that the conclusions arrived at by the Committee of Inquiry will be acceptable from the British point of view. It is true he paid a tribute to the accessibility and open-mindedness of the chairman and his colleagues, but he complained in the same breath that the inquiry has been conducted in camera. If the committee have been "got at" by "the other side", as Sir Percy Fitzpatrick considers, we fail to see anything but meaningless courtesy in the reference to the unbiassed and non-partisan spirit of its members. British supremacy is the stake. "A compromising of their principles", said Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, "a giving away of their rights to a vanquished foe and putting him on an equal footing with themselves is not moderation but folly", and will be stoutly resisted.

Lord Meath's Empire-day movement is obviously so well meant that nobody need say hard things of the programme generally; but the Empire catechism for the infant mind that has been made public this week really reads like something they taught in the Coketown schools. It ludicrously recalls, too, the terrors of Pinnock. To cram the heads of the poor little children with heaps of raw figures about the acreage or mileage of the Empire, the total number of people who live there, and the exports and imports and all the rest of it—this is to give them little but intellectual dyspepsia. The idea is to make them more useful citizens, worthier imperialists: but for this purpose the Sermon on the Mount will serve better than any catechism of the sort.

President Roosevelt has lost no time in calling the attention of Congress to the scandals in the meat trade revealed in the report of the special commission he appointed to examine into the state of things on the spot. He has sent a message urging in strong words immediate legislative action. Mr. Roosevelt would not in any case be afraid to stand up to the Beef Trust, but in this matter not only has he the whole country behind him, but the force of opinion supporting him is positively at panic heat. It is not strange. The conditions revealed make an instant danger to every inhabitant of the United States. Commercially it threatens ruin to the export meat trade; and the stigma on the nation is galling. How has this been possible? Why has such a scandal been allowed to grow up? Why is the country indignant at the culprits only now when they have been found out? American honour demands immediate action; and Mr. Roosevelt evidently feels it.

The President specifically advises that meat for the inter-state market be subject to inspection in the same way as meat intended for the export trade. At present it may be shipped uninspected. He also advises better supervision of the methods of preparation and the regulation of the sanitary conditions under which the process may be carried on. Congress, in spite of the influence of the Trust, will hardly dare to trifle with this matter: measures will undoubtedly be carried. There is more danger of the commercial magnates lying low during the public indignation and trusting to quiet evasion of the law when indignation has died down. We have no faith in the efficacy of any moral appeal to those who have

allowed these awful conditions to go on in the past. Nothing but the fear of being found out will affect them. Is nobody going to be punished in all this business? What of those who for years have been making profits out of the organised sale of diseased and decayed meat, packed by men suffering from dangerous infectious diseases?

Mr. Brodrick has raised this week in the "Times" the very important question of the sanitary precautions which ought to be taken by the British army in the field. His letter has drawn from Sir Frederick Treves important suggestions for reform in army medical organisation. Our inefficiency in this absolutely simple thing is astounding. If our soldiers, whilst campaigning, were compelled to boil water before drinking it, thousands of lives would be saved. No doubt exceptions from time to time would occur even if this habit were general: we doubt whether even the Japanese soldiers who are known to be such sticklers in the matter of boiled water would have refused a draught of unboiled water at, say, Paardeberg; but ordinarily it is certain they will not touch unpurified water in the field. This precaution is the main one, though there are other simple and invaluable rules which every British soldier ought to be drilled to obey. General Rimington has lately had a series of capital lectures bearing on this subject given to the officers of the Cavalry Brigade in Ireland. They have been printed and should be read by every officer in the Service.

The French professors have had a fine week for their visit to London which no one will grudge them any more than the opportunity for discovering that the sun sometimes shines in England. This fictitious discovery however has by this time amply played its part in the speeches of our guests from over the Channel on various occasions. Surely this antiquated pleasantries may be relegated at length to the limbo whither the stage Englishman with long whiskers should have preceded it. We observe however that one distinguished gentleman brought it forward again amid "loud applause and laughter". We do not blame Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Edward Grey for not cutting short their holidays to welcome the professors, but Mr. Lough was an odd substitute to pair with Lord Fitzmaurice as the representative of the British Government; but the surroundings in the Foreign Office are sufficiently impressive to carry off many incongruities.

The entertainment in France of a body of British workmen from Keighley coincides with the visit here of the French professors and has just as much or as little significance, though leading English journals head the report of the proceedings "The Entente Cordiale." It is well to be on cordial terms with our neighbours, but this perpetual embracing in public is becoming a little wearisome and almost nauseating. Among the academic visitors are some names of distinction though not a large number; M. Emile Bourgeois (not to be confused with M. Léon Bourgeois the politician), M. Bontoux the author of the excellent monograph on Pascal, M. Dastre and some others. But we hope our guests will not go away and believe they have seen English academic life because they have lunched in the hall of London University, formerly Imperial Institute. The distinctive academic life of England is something they have not touched at all during this visit. One day divided between Oxford and Cambridge is probably worse than to have ignored them altogether.

In its personnel the commission to inquire into the present state of Trinity College, Dublin, will be a strong one. Sir Edward Fry is to be chairman, with amongst others Chief Baron Palles, Sir Thomas Raleigh, the well-known Fellow of All Souls, Sir Arthur Rücker, and Professor Henry Jackson as colleagues. Two Fellows of Trinity are on the commission, and Professor Coffey of the Roman Catholic University School of Medicine. The terms of the reference are wide enough to cover the whole question of Irish University education; though there is no express allusion to its religious aspect. Taken with the report of the Commission on higher education in Ireland without Trinity College, this inquiry should be a real and practical step towards a settlement of the

Irish University question which Roman Catholics can accept and which those who are neither Roman Catholics nor Orangemen will acquiesce in. Ireland has waited too long for this pre-eminently constructive reform. In the meantime the appointment of this commission ought not to be taken as any censure on Trinity College.

We may expect to hear a good deal more of the Loughrea eviction; certainly there is a good deal more to be told. On the version of the matter as given in Parliament, it looked as though Ward had been evicted because he was a local official of the United Irish League. This would be no just ground whatever for eviction, though that of course would not invalidate the eviction's legality. But Lord Clanricarde's agent denies that Ward was evicted for his politics and says he was guilty of boycotting, which made him an undesirable tenant. If true, this gives a new aspect to the case. But it will have to be proved strictly, for no one is inclined to put an unnecessarily favourable construction on things that happen on Lord Clanricarde's estates. And now Sir Antony MacDonnell's name is brought in. He apparently intervened—very sensibly—to induce Ward to surrender to the officers of the law. But it is suggested that he persuaded him by means of a promise, or at least a holding out, of legislation. Sir Antony does not admit this.

One aspect of the matter is not easily put by. The Government have been using force to assist a bad landlord to effect an eviction, on the Government's own view, unjust. Mr. Bryce's plea is that the law must be upheld. Good: a sound plea: a Daniel come to judgment. But why was the plea not sound when Mr. Balfour urged it in less dubious circumstances? Why was the upholding of the law at Coolgreany an iniquity at which the Liberal party never tired of holding up to Heaven hands of pious horror, while its upholding at Loughrea is merely an unfortunate necessity? At the Irish members' tenderness to Mr. Bryce we need not be surprised. Their game is very plain. It will not do yet to show up a Chief Secretary from whom there is hope of wringing Home Rule.

Mr. Chamberlain's few words, that were not a speech, to his garden guests at Highbury on Tuesday were for a family party. His overflowing good humour, his prosperous hopefulness, was quite in place. It was quite right that these good people should go away convinced that there was no other city but Birmingham. They achieved a truly wonderful feat at the election; to quote Mr. Chamberlain's phrase, they "gave the Radicals one" in the time of their wealth, which they will never quite get over. To us others, beyond the family circle, most interesting was Mr. Chamberlain's hazard of an election next spring. Mr. Chamberlain, we are sure, would claim no "inspiration" for the passage; but shrewd calculation points the probability of his guess.

If Sir Edward Clarke can hardly be described as *felix opportunitate morbi*, it is at any rate a good thing that an unpleasant passage has been avoided. We are now able to dwell on the good rather than on the doubtful side of his political career. As a debater he has been a power in the House: his impromptu reply after Mr. Gladstone had moved the introduction of the second Home Rule Bill will never be forgotten. Such a crisis in the House is the advocate's moment. Usually the legal member is rather at a disadvantage. He is hardly human and erring enough for parliamentary nature's daily food.

No doubt the Duke of Fife, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of London, will keep his eye on Sir Edwin Cornwall, D.L. M.P. for N.E. Bethnal Green. This enterprising politician regards J.P.-ships frankly as spoils in the political fight. Accordingly he delegates to the North-East Bethnal Green Radical Association the selection of names for the honour of elevation to the Bench. A sub-committee submits to the General Executive a list of names, of which at a special meeting called for the purpose the Executive select three for recommendation to Sir Edwin Cornwall. No doubt Sir Edwin will say that he exercises his discretion and is

not bound by the decision of his local caucus. Exactly: one can conceive this L.C.C. wirepuller neglecting the advice of his caucus and preferring to their men, say, three Conservatives. We all know that places and honours are commonly turned to political uses. But it must not be done in this unblushing, methodical way. It does not do to admit that a seat for the Bench means nothing but party zeal, even if it does.

Is the "Pall Mall Magazine" the new official Government organ? Apparently so; for in the June number the President of the Local Government Board sets forth his scheme which is to solve the London traffic problem. He sweeps away the new motor-omnibuses, and replaces them and the horse-omnibuses into the bargain with 500 miles of tramway controlled by the London County Council and over a radius of twenty-five miles from Charing Cross. He also sweeps away the proposed Traffic Board and incidentally with it his colleague in the Cabinet, Lord Loreburn, who took "the rôle of arbiter on subjects without his legal purview and beyond his civic knowledge". And this is only the first year of Mr. Burns' "six" in office!

The London County Council, having done much to interfere with our enjoyment of this world, seems now intent to prevent us observing other spheres to advantage. Its generating station at Greenwich is, the Astronomer-Royal states, greatly interfering with the work of the Observatory. The observations made at Greenwich are not only of world-wide scientific interest, they are of practical value to the British navy; indeed they are an absolute necessity to the Navy, and it is not surprising that the Admiralty are now beginning to move in the matter. The County Council evidently does not see the point. Why trouble about the stars and such like when there are tramways to be run and beautiful—if rather costly—steamboat plans to develop on behalf of the London public and the ratepayers? Hence they are in a highly off-hand mood and are not prepared to accept any liability or blame. However, as you cannot have a generating station without vibration and atmospheric disturbance, clearly either Greenwich Observatory or the Council's buildings must be moved. The expense of removing the generating station will naturally fall on the innocent public.

The Bishop of Manchester is a doughty opponent of the Education Bill, a brawny champion of the rights of the Church. The idea of bringing down an army of protestants from the North to demonstrate against the Bill is picturesque. The march of these ten thousand Lancashire lads on London makes one think of Trelawny and the twenty thousand Cornishmen. These Lancastrians too will want to "know the reason why" the Church should be stripped of her schools and a religious hybrid, the idol of the nonconformists, set up in the schools of the nation for all Englishmen to bow down to. This demonstration will appeal to the multitude; it will have its effect.

Mr. S. Baring-Gould's death was announced in the press last Tuesday through a mistake of Reuter's Agency which confused him with another member of the family, Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould. It was stated that he died in Africa—"de Africa aliquid semper novi" once more. Happily Mr. Baring-Gould is in good health in his Devonshire home. We take the opportunity of advising the public hungry for good stories to read again "John Herring", "Mehalah" and "In the Roar of the Sea"—capital and rousing books—instead of wasting time and patience over the twaddle of "contemporary fiction". The obituary notices of Mr. Baring-Gould were rather patronising but on the whole kindly, and he was awarded nearly a column. There are many people no doubt who would give a good deal to examine the dead men's room in the office of a great daily to see what the pigeon-holes could show in their praise or blame. The temptation to edit the matter might be irresistible. Brougham announced his own death in order to read what the papers had to say about him, and one wonders the dodge has not been resorted to by people starving for publicity.

THE ANARCHIST BEAST.

"THERE is a sort of tacit understanding between the Anarchists and the British Government that the former shall not attempt any outrage in England, so long as the latter are allowed a safe asylum in London." The words should bring a blush to our cheeks. It is said that they were spoken by an anarchist resident in London to the correspondent of a Dutch paper. It is certain that they represent a very common continental explanation of the toleration extended in the British capital to the anarchist pest, for the British Government is credited not with the silliest, but with the basest of motives in allowing London to be at once the asylum and the jumping-off ground of the most noxious beasts that have ever threatened civilised society. Thoughtful Englishmen of course realise that our toleration of this anarchist "Katharina" in our midst is due only to our insular stupidity. In the past we have obstinately refused to understand either the anarchists themselves or the feeling that they inspire in other lands. Assassination inspired by political motives though by no means unknown even in our nineteenth-century annals is, as Gladstone remarked when the bombs prepared by Orsini for Napoleon III. were the question of the hour, "a plant congenial neither to our soil, nor to the climate in which we live". Our unctuous rectitude inclines us to the opinion that anarchists are politicians and that if only the Continent would adopt our laws and institutions, it would enjoy an absolute immunity from their outrages. Indeed even some respectable Liberal papers in their comments on the unspeakable horror in Spain have ventured upon a little mischievous moralising of this nature. The absurdity of the view lies in the fact that these anarchists are not in the ordinary sense political criminals at all. Unlike older fraternities of assassins they make no pretence of removing hereditary tyrants or of overthrowing oligarchies. Their warfare if warfare it can be called is with civilisation, and whatever be the causes that have so far given us practical immunity from their villainies, they are certainly not to be found in these monsters' admiration for our institutions and laws. To their bombs and daggers a socialistic administrator or a republican president is as natural a victim as a constitutional king or "right down regular" emperor. The elected ruler of democratic France was slaughtered under the Tricolor. The constitutional King of Italy experienced the same fate as the Minister of the Tsar. Even the semi-English institutions of the American Republic were no palladium to President McKinley. And while the gruesome pest has descended alike on every form of civilised rule, the ruthlessness displayed in the personal selection of victims has appalled humanity. The best and not the worst rulers of the earth have usually been the victims of the loathsome frenzy, that has pity for neither sex nor age nor innocence.

We have said this, because it is necessary in this country to reiterate that the anarchist is not a political assassin; he is merely a noxious beast. To discuss the causes, if there be any causes other than human depravity which have called him into existence, would be as ridiculous as to introduce into a modern trial a philosophic argument on the value of human life. The need of the hour is not philosophical discussion; but the eradication of a pest. The duty of statesmen is with as little delay as possible to make the world to the anarchist what the Roman Empire was to the enemy of the Cæsar, a universal prison. Up to the present time the chief obstacle to an international repression of the pest has been British prejudice, and it will, we believe, be an unmixed misfortune for us if, as a Liberal newspaper hints, the idea of an international congress on the subject of anarchist repression is dropped, and matters drift on in their present unsatisfactory condition. Indeed, if our policy is not altered we are exposed not only to grave discredit, but to actual danger. Any day, so long as we refuse to mend our ways, we run the risk of receiving from some Power remonstrances on our conduct expressed in none too civil terms. Should this protesting Power be one with whom our relations were for the moment not over-cordial, the baser section of

our press might easily lead the sillier section of our population to repeat the folly of 1858, when Palmerston was hooted in the Park and hounded from office for his honourable attempt to appease the justly outraged opinion of France in the matter of the Orsini conspiracy. Such a ridiculous repetition of the pranks of early Victorian days would probably hurl us into a war in which all the sympathies of civilised humanity would be with our foes. And there is, it is well to remember, an even worse possibility. Assume, an only too possible supposition, that some day anarchism should shock humanity by the perpetration of a colossal outrage in some continental capital; assume further that there were probable grounds for thinking that this devilry had been engineered from our shores, the result might well be an explosion of righteous wrath against our dalliance with the devil of which the consequences would be, well, very hot for us indeed.

The more that we regard the question from the standpoint of the civilised man, the clearer does it appear that honour and interest alike emphatically demand that Great Britain shall in future range herself definitely with the rest of Christendom in the repression of this pest. If, as is our hope, a European congress be shortly convened to discuss the question, we trust that the British representatives will be empowered to declare that Great Britain undertakes to work with the rest of the civilised world for the extermination of the horror. The principle admitted, details and safeguards will require attention. There are three pressing needs. In the first place our police must to a greater extent than they do at present in dealing with the evil act in unison with the police of other countries. Secondly the Aliens Act must be so amended as to prevent the landing on our shores of any member of a criminal anarchist society. Lastly membership of an anarchist society of a criminal character should in every country be an extraditable offence.

To what extent an anarchist propaganda or anarchist associations should be tolerated in civilised communities is a more difficult problem. The chief difficulty lies in the fact, horrible as it is to confess, that a war against anarchism is to a certain extent a war against opinion (though it be the opinion of brutes), and that the repression of an opinion is to a modern Government an almost insuperable task. And there is this further point to be considered. Were all the associations of these miscreants forcibly dissolved, the difficulty of discovering the individual anarchist would be augmented, though at the same time the spread of the disease might be checked. However these are questions for statesmen and police officials. What we desire to see is the organised union of humanity against its common enemy.

A word remains to be said on the subject of safeguards. For the very object of securing the repression of this scourge of civilisation the methods employed for the end must be prostituted for no other purpose. The creature whom we desire to crush is not a philosophic crank, not even a political criminal, but a noxious beast. We wish to remove him (either by perpetual incarceration or extinction, a detail to be left to the authorities) from the sight of humanity out of no vindictive feeling, but for precisely the same reasons that make us refuse to tolerate the presence of bears and leopards in the streets of our cities. To turn against the most degraded specimens of humanity the weapons that we desire to use against this monster would be a terrible crime, and when civilisation settles its method of repression it will be its bounden duty to see that so far as is possible no human being is caught in the meshes of the nets that are spread for the brute. We have spoken so plainly of English stupidity in this matter of harbouring that we shall hardly be misunderstood when we say that on the Continent some mischief has been done by the identification of criminal anarchists with doctrinaires, cranks, and even harmless Liberals; mere innocents. The story is told how an English nonconformist M.P. of strong individualistic leanings on appealing to a continental audience to rely on "their own efforts" rather than on State interference was understood by his hearers and possibly by the local police to have been advocating a free use of

bombs. This mental confusion must cease. The unhuman brute who wars on civilisation with poisoned weapons must be clearly marked out from humanity, and having been marked out must be hunted down.

"CHINA FOR THE CHINESE."

THERE is an Indian legend that when the Gods once lost the cup of Immortality, it was revealed to them that they could recover it only by churning the ocean till it arose from the depths. That wondrous churning caused a mist out of which diseases and other evils emerged; but their efforts were rewarded at last by the appearance of "the Amrit clear and bright"—the object of their desire. A great churning has been going on lately in the Far East, and there is much prophesying as to whether the Amrit will eventually arise. What will be the outcome as regards Manchuria? Will Russia loyally restore it to China, or will she treat the war as an interlude, and use railway interests and railway guards to consolidate her influence in the North? Will the pledge of the open door be loyally upheld, or will Japan use her superior opportunities, or China her inferior methods, to thwart the enterprise of others? We remarked at the time on the omission from the Treaty of Peace of all mention of the Manchurian rivers, and already there are rumours that M. Pokotiloff is insisting on the treaty of Aigun by which Russia and China are pledged to exclude from those great waterways ships of nationalities other than their own. What, finally, will be the effect on China herself? Will she admit, at last, that the days of isolation are over and that foreign intercourse is, for good or evil, a thing that had best be welcomed because it must be endured? That she has been stirred, and stirred definitely, is beyond question. She has perceived, and perceived distinctly, that the learning of the West is superior in many ways to her own. But she believes, perhaps not wrongly, that her own methods are in some other ways best. That is one element in the cry of "China for the Chinese" which its votaries, like some others, maintain with a fervour surpassing their capacity to give reasons for their faith. It is a tenet that commands sympathy provided it be not carried to unreasonable extremes. Every man desires to be master in his own house; and it is beyond denial that China has been subjected to much humiliation through her inability to assert that mastery at times. But it is also beyond denial that she has brought much upon herself, at other times, by ill-judged resistance to reasonable demands and by endeavours to evade the consequences of her wrong.

To go no farther back, for instance, than the events of 1900! Let it be admitted that much had occurred which a self-respecting nation would naturally resent. But much of it might have been avoided by the intelligent admission, which Japan had been quick to make, that foreign intercourse was inevitable and that political conditions must be readjusted. Frank resistance, again, might have commanded respect; but wholesale massacres, culminating in an attempt to destroy persons who have been held sacred, traditionally, entailed inevitable punishment. Granted even that some of the penalties were harsh—and the SATURDAY REVIEW deprecated from the first the exaction of disproportionate indemnities, which involved taxing provinces and peoples who had had no share in the crime! But some other conditions, which are resisted still, were less penalties than blessings in disguise. Take the Conservancy, for instance, of the Shanghai river, which was exacted in the Protocol of Peking but which is even yet in abeyance—although, after varied evasion, there seems a likelihood that it will, at last, be begun. Take the Mackay Treaty which, even if unhappily framed, was calculated to benefit China—by promoting her commerce and developing her resources—at least as much as Great Britain. Yet not a single stipulation of any consequence has been observed—from fear, seemingly, lest China should not be reserved exclusively enough for the Chinese. But if this attitude be regrettable when applied to mines or currency, what shall be said about the juridical reforms which have been promised again and again—which a

Chinaman trained at the Middle Temple was appointed lately to schedule, but which have fallen so flat that he is said to have given up the task? What about the railways for which concessions were granted so long ago as 1898, but which are thwarted, still, to-day? Granted that some of her experiences have been evil—that is a good reason for precaution, but not for evading engagements or delaying indefinitely the construction of communications for which her own resources are insufficient. There is more than timidity—there is a silliness in the attitude of China towards these matters which looks like mental limitation rather than patriotic ambition. "It extends"—as one of the ablest of our present Consuls (Mr. Fraser) writes in his report from Hankow—"to all foreign employment in the development of China, and especially to the use of foreign capital. . . . Its logical outcome would be the expulsion of everything foreign from the Empire. That trade must really be barter, that native capital is so inadequate even for ordinary trade purposes as to make interest high, and that to deplete the stock still further in order to put it into enterprises that can only make a moderate return is indeed to bleed China, are statements quite as incredible to Young China as that the claim to cancel concessions duly granted, simply because these concessions prevent natives from engaging in unfamiliar enterprises, is a sure way to ruin their country's credit abroad."

A natural corollary of this attitude—though pursued with characteristic limitations—has been the attempt to create an army capable of supporting the traditional pretensions, the traditional exclusiveness, and the modern extrusiveness—if we may coin a word to express a conception—of Chinese policy. The idea is no new one. It found expression in Li Hung-chang's attempts to create a foreign-armed and disciplined force. It found later and better expression in the Imperial troops who were defeated—and whose defeat really saved the Legations, in 1900, at Tientsin. It is finding a better expression, again, in the force that is being organised under Yuan Shihkai. The futile employment of these forces has been chiefly responsible for the debt that absorbs, for its service, nearly the whole revenue of the maritime Customs. But the charge is automatically decreasing, while the revenue is automatically increasing; and it seems to have occurred to some one in power at Peking that here was a margin which might be annexed. The mine that had been found in issuing 10-cash coins intrinsically worth 5 and spending, instead of reserving, the profit was nearly exhausted; so Tieh Liang, who had been lately on a collecting tour through the provinces analogous to that made just before the Boxer outbreak by Kang Yi, was appointed (with Tang Shao-yi) to the control of the great department which had been managed hitherto by Sir Robert Hart. There would have been no attempt, probably, to meddle much in the management just yet. Effort would have been confined to raking into the military chest whatever fractions remained available after appropriations to the service of the loans had been met. But hands would have been pushed in further as opportunity occurred; and it was good for China as well as for the bondholders that a legitimate regard for their welfare, as well as an explicit undertaking by China that Sir Robert Hart should be succeeded by an Englishman, gave us a right to interfere. It is desirable, in many respects, that a nation should feel strong. Consciousness of weakness is apt to engender irritation, as consciousness of strength engenders self-respect. But it would do more to earn for China the respect of others if she strove to provide funds by rectifying her own fiscal methods, instead of meddling with the one well-managed institution in the empire; just as she would inspire more confidence by improving her own administration, instead of intriguing against the Model which foreigners have created but whose existence the Mandarin seems to resent. The Municipal Government of Shanghai will be surrendered to her, the necessity for the Mixed Court there will cease to exist, when she has organised her own territory on similar lines; whereas her officials could devise no more certain method of preventing that consummation than by continuing to tolerate, in

the adjacent districts under their jurisdiction, a collection of scoundrels whose presence no capable administrators would endure for a week. The clear way for China of safeguarding her autonomy, if she could be brought to see it, is by administrative reform. By trying to run before she can walk, by intriguing against the Customs and the Shanghai Municipality, instead of striving to improve her own methods, she risks alienating the goodwill that would, given similar evidence of sincerity, be extended to her as freely as it has been to Japan. Altogether, therefore, notwithstanding the stir in Chinese thought and a desire to acquire foreign learning which will result, it may be hoped, in better things—the Amrit can hardly be said to have appeared, yet. There is apparent, rather, the need at Peking for a British Minister after the pattern of Sir Harry Parkes who should play a strong hand in the developments that are in prospect and which such a one might help to shape.

GERMAN PROBLEMS.

THE visit of the Kaiser to Vienna necessarily revives the question of Germany's position. Grave doubts must often have assailed those who observe German affairs as to the stability of her political system, and these doubts must have been increased by the recent refusal of the Reichstag to accept the proposals of the Government with regard to colonial administration. The attempt to combine autocracy with parliamentary control might well be considered as doomed from the start had it not worked remarkably well on the whole. The mere fact that it is illogical will not condemn it in eyes which have before them the strange success of our own institutions, the most illogical known to history. There is also in Germany an overmastering sense of duty and patriotism. The Reichstag never hesitates to place fresh burdens upon the taxpayer when it believes that they are demanded by the necessities of the State. The heavy items in the naval programme have been voted again without serious objection. With this temper of genuine desire for the greatness of Germany it seems strange that the proposals for reorganising the Colonial Office should be defeated by a decisive vote. The Reichstag has in fact declined to recognise colonial administration as a separate sphere of government and as having an important existence of its own. The question of the extra expenditure can hardly have been a determining cause, which must be sought elsewhere.

The majority requires no very ingenious dissection. The portion which consisted of Social Democrats explains itself. This party has been consistent throughout in its opposition to colonial expansion. Its reasons are much the same as those which sway Little Englanders, but they have never developed into the wild and blatant anti-militarism which sways the extreme Socialist group in France. The argument usually advanced on their behalf is that German colonies are planted in unhealthy or barren districts where no development is possible, that they are of no practical use and public money is wasted in keeping them in existence. This is not in fact true of all; the Cameroons for instance are the entrance to an immensely fertile region and should respond to German enterprise; but it may be true that the colonial administration of the Government has been often faulty and that instances of gross brutality towards the natives have been recorded more than once against officials. But this is not a German experience alone, and the conduct of colonies, like all other experiments in administration, is a business only perfected by practice. We believe the Social Democrats to be inspired by excellent motives in their opposition to the Kaiser's policy, but he sees further into the causes which lead to the highest forms of national development than his opponents. The possession of an Empire overseas is the greatest force for the extension of the national horizon which has been evolved in the process of the world's history. When a country has reached the utmost limits of commercial and industrial development, as is the case with Germany, it is well that her people

should learn something of the toils and responsibilities of Empire. The great danger ahead of Germany at the present time is the growth of materialism brought on by a great increase of wealth and personal comfort. The sacrifices made by all classes for the army, not only in their purses but in their persons, are not enough to check a danger to which all self-contained states that have reached an advanced stage of civilisation are subject. The Kaiser's case, therefore, against his detractors is in this matter stronger than theirs, though stronger perhaps on the politic side than the economic. The demand, however, to abandon South-West Africa is clearly not one that a self-respecting Power could consider. After all there is a comity of civilised nations against barbarism, and for a Great Power to acknowledge its inability to check a native revolt in the neighbourhood of another's colonies would not only expose its neighbour to grave dangers, but would involve itself in well-deserved reproach and something not far from contempt.

The clerical opposition was due to other causes not identical with those which animated the other portion of the majority. It is the habit of groups who are animated by some one overmastering interest to strike at a government which has offended them with weapons they would never have forged themselves, but in this case it is clear that the highly injudicious speech of Colonel Deimling irritated the clerical representatives who have to appeal to democratic support and they based their resistance on the alleged interests of the taxpayer. That opposition to colonial expansion is not a constant factor in their policy is quite clear from the fact that they introduced the next day and carried a proposal to restore the original colonial estimates, when the Social Democrats on that occasion alone constituted the minority. The German Government usually gets its way and we shall probably see a colonial department duly installed in time as a separate office. But one thing is evident—the administration can never again expect to enjoy the practical immunity from parliamentary opposition and even criticism in matters of external policy which it enjoyed during the Bismarck régime. Perhaps the revelations of the Bismarck memoirs themselves did something to diminish the traditional reverence for diplomacy and its methods which once prevailed. Certainly the greatest modern master of policy treated his own record with little respect, and invited discussion in a domain from which in Germany it had been almost excluded. The present tendency to criticism in German parliamentary circles has been increased by the anomaly we have already indicated, that the constitutional system oscillates uneasily between absolutism and parliamentary government. The need for readjustment must in time become more and more evident.

It must not be assumed that Socialists and Radicals alone are in the ranks of the critics; they abound on all sides, and undoubtedly the state of affairs in Russia has increased the feeling of unrest. It would be a great mistake to suppose that there is any feeling of soreness over the Moorish affair. Germany is quite satisfied with the solid advantages she drew from it. The recognition of her right to a voice in the future of Morocco and the establishment of commercial equality are valuable assets, but the direction taken by criticism is rather that the noise made was unnecessarily loud, that a hammer was used to crack a nut, and that the net result is that Germany stands almost alone in Europe.

These complaints have little substance but they are prevalent in German parliamentary circles and they are to a great extent the outcome, we might more correctly say the contrecoup, of internal movements which agitate the States of the Empire themselves. While the Reichstag recruits its members on the widest possible democratic basis, several of the States' legislatures demand an electoral qualification of the narrowest. This was so in Baden, Württemberg and Bavaria, but these States have quite recently adopted a far more extended form of suffrage and it may be said now that only in Germany north of the Main do the old conditions prevail. Prussia still retains a system which Bismarck himself denounced as the "most miserable of all electoral régimes". Mecklenburg-Schwerin is absolutely feudal, while

Hamburg is as absolutely under bourgeois control, and the Saxon political system is in a constant state of turmoil. The recent Socialist manifestation in Berlin was due entirely to this cause and possibly also to the struggle over the Education Bill which has just become law. In the latter case the Government had to rely to a certain extent on the National Liberals and to accept modifications on that account.

The agitation now going on to lower the franchise in Prussia will react on the Reichstag and embitter the relations between the Government and the democratic party. All the utterances of the heads of the Administration in Prussia have been uncompromising. The Prussian Minister of the Interior, Herr v. Bethmann-Hollweg, delivered a discourse not long ago on the grave inconvenience of universal suffrage and the law recently brought in by the Government does not propose to change the electoral basis in Prussia but only to remedy certain undoubted anomalies in the actual voting machinery. Thus the original quarrel is still to be fought out and, if the Social Democrats secure the support of the Liberals, as seems probable, the conflict may be acute. It must of course be remembered that in Prussia agrarian and feudal interests are particularly strong and the Government has reasons for engaging their support which do not prevail throughout the Empire. These elements are now aggrieved by what they consider the surrender of the German Government to the United States on the Tariff question and they have also resisted the concessions made to the National Liberals of Prussia on education.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES 1906.

THE two broad principles laid down by the Admiralty for the guidance of the Food Supply Commission give a clue to the Naval Manœuvres of the year, and as they will govern the practical working out of the general idea, all movements of ships during the latter part of the operations will have to be interpreted in relation to them. The manœuvres are to be divided into two distinct periods separated by a week, but the Admiralty evidently does not intend to say more about the first period than that advantage will be taken of it to test arrangements for mobilisation under war conditions. Critics who were loud in their praise of the Japanese policy of reticence are now grumbling because some attempt is to be made to find out whether an Englishman is capable of keeping a secret. The second part of the programme is based on the assumption that war has broken out between two naval Powers, of whom one is weaker than the other, "but still formidable". This implies a condition of relative strength sufficient to deter the weaker Power from resorting to commerce destruction as a primary object of strategy, since this form of warfare is not deemed justifiable when there is some chance of obtaining command of the sea. Unless they receive instructions to the contrary, the plans of the opposing admirals are certain to be framed in accordance with orthodox opinion as expressed by the Admiralty and the war will pursue a normal course. The two accepted principles already referred to are:

1. "That the command of the sea is essential to the successful attack or defence of commerce and should therefore be the primary aim."

2. "That the attack or defence of commerce is best effected by concentration of force and that a dispersion of force for either of these objects is the strategy of the weak and cannot materially affect the ultimate result of the war."

If then the Blue Admiral decide to turn his attention to an attack on Red commerce, it will not be with any belief in the intrinsic merits of a "guerre de course", and his action will be construed as a feint made in the hope that Red will weaken himself by a dispersion of force and so give him an opportunity to compel a battle under conditions favourable to himself and disadvantageous to his enemy. Bearing in mind the Admiralty maxims Red cannot mistake the nature of the feint, and since Blue will be aware that his opponent must discern the motive for striking at commerce, the

suggestion advanced in the memo that an attack on the Red trade will appear to Blue the most probable means of causing a dispersion of the Red fleet becomes of doubtful acceptance. Though popular clamour led to a division of the United States naval force at the beginning of the Spanish-American war, and nearly one-quarter of the available ships in the Atlantic was rendered useless owing to faulty notions of strategy, it requires some stretch of fancy to imagine a "national panic" forcing the hands of a British admiral who knows he can rely on the support of an Admiralty which holds it a cardinal truth that the command of the sea is essential to the successful attack or defence of commerce. Indeed if the Admiralty views on commerce destruction be admitted correct, and logic says they are, there ought to be no national panic. Blue must challenge command of the sea sooner or later if he intend to attack commerce successfully, and the few cruisers he could afford to risk for making a feint at trade could scarcely do sufficient harm to upset the nerves of the population of Red territory. Then why should Blue make the feint, since it cannot effect the desired object of inducing Red to fritter away his strength? The answer is that the mercantile community is very sensitive to loss, witness the result of the raiding from Vladivostok: the capture of a liner may make rates prohibitive, send food to famine prices, and bring work to a standstill. The weak point of manœuvres is that they cannot produce such a state of affairs. It costs the Admiralty nothing to wire "national panic", it costs Red nothing to wire back "all right": both are anxious to prove their theory correct and Blue has got to be the scape-goat. Blue resents being patted on the back and told he has a quite good chance of creating a national panic by attacking trade, and may sulk in his tent. The volume and value of ocean-borne trade have increased enormously in the last fifty years, yet there is good reason to suppose that steam has diminished the danger to which shipping is exposed in time of war. The greater the number of ships passing along a trade route, the greater become the difficulties of the commerce destroyer, for every vessel on the track is a news-agent and wireless telegraphy enables news to be quickly transmitted. Privateering has no longer to be reckoned with; it is a thing of the past; a modern commerce destroyer must have a pretty turn of speed with good coal endurance, and the vessels that can be legitimately employed in the rôle will be known and shadowed; an attacking cruiser's power of offence is limited by coal strategy; she is restricted in her action by the consideration of having to take prizes into port and by the difficulty of sparing hands to make up prize crews; commercial ports cannot be hastily improvised. The cross-roads of our water-ways are therefore ascertainable and the points of convergence well known, consequently the successful defence of commerce has become a question of positions.

These arguments brought forward by Mr. Bellairs, who wrote on "Commerce and War" in 1904, have been further elaborated by Mr. Thursfield in an able article on "The Attack and Defence of Commerce" in the "Naval Annual" of the present year, and though we think the indirect effect which skilfully handled torpedo-craft, including submarines, may have in diverting trade from its usual ruts in certain eventualities has been somewhat underrated, the general conclusions are based on sound common-sense. The manœuvres may help in some measure to determine the amount and disposition of force required to protect our sea-borne commerce, but unless Blue think it worth his while to make a serious attempt to hold up trade, and we do not feel at all sure that he will, there is some chance that their true significance may be missed by the shore-going public for whose enlightenment they have been designed. Everyone is dimly conscious that national existence depends on the safety of our water communications, but all are not ready to stake their fortunes on Blue water, and it is of first importance that actual war risks should be thoroughly understood by the mercantile community. On diplomatic grounds it is equally necessary that the ubiquitous person known as the consumer should feel he will not be called upon to starve in the event of hostilities, and these manœuvres

are meant to teach him to face the possibility as well as the reality of war without panic. The co-operation of the mercantile marine on this occasion is a new departure which will do more than abstract theorising to rouse interest in the problems to be solved. More than once during the late Russo-Japanese war questions of international law came to the front, and the time has come to consider what alterations in the law of capture at sea are most likely to be beneficial for this country: a discussion following a lecture delivered last April at the Royal United Service Institution on "Modern Conditions and the Ancient Prize-Law" showed what diversity of opinion there is in the matter, and a practical investigation of the actual risks to which trade is likely to be exposed and of the best means of affording it protection is bound to throw some light on a much-debated subject.

The Admiralty memo is purposely meagre and even the proportion in which the respective fleets will be divided up is not disclosed, but the accident to the "Montagu" will necessitate some revision of the programme, especially as the "Mars" has been told off to stand by her. It may be taken for granted that those who are opposed to placing all their eggs in one basket will make use of this wrecking of a first-class battleship to point their moral. A "Dreadnought" may appear very desirable to the tactician, but the bigger the battleship the smaller the number of units in the fleet, and the command of a unit which costs an appalling sum of money throws so much responsibility on the shoulders of individuals that caution in the long run may oust initiative. The fate of the "Montagu" is still uncertain, for she could hardly have hit on a worse place for taking the shore, but her stranding will not be an unmixed evil if it help us to recognise that human fallibility and the forces of nature cannot be neglected in any scheme of ship construction.

INSURANCE UNREST.

TO an extent which is without precedent in our experience people are showing just now uneasiness in regard to insurance affairs instead of the complete confidence which is usual. We have had communications asking if the Scottish Amicable, London Assurance, North British and Mercantile, National Mutual, and other companies whose financial position is, we should have thought, above any suspicion, are secure and certain to pay their claims as they mature. While recognising that such companies as these are safe beyond all question, we by no means regard such inquiries as foolish or unjustified. A great deal has been done lately by some insurance companies to promote this feeling of distrust; and people who do not recognise the solid grounds which exist for thinking that well-established Life offices are the strongest financial institutions in the world may well be excused if they adopt a sceptical attitude.

We have had for the last year or more the scandals in the American Life offices. These were of a nature that inevitably caused distrust, but from the financial point of view the sensation which they caused was grossly exaggerated. The SATURDAY REVIEW has been explaining for years that the American companies were not good for policyholders because of their extremely heavy rate of expenditure, whereby an entirely unnecessary half a crown was taken away from the policyholders out of every pound which they paid. When, however, it appeared that certain things had been done which were of an unsatisfactory nature, but which did not cost the policyholders sixpence in the pound, some of the American papers saw the opportunity of a splendid sensation and garbled versions of the facts were cabled to this country. From the point of view of the pockets of the policyholders, people were straining at gnats after having complacently swallowed camels for many years.

These scandals left the solvency of the American companies unaffected and had the direct effect of introducing improvements. Some of these were brought about by the action of the companies themselves in response to public opinion, and others by legislation in

the States. We have repeatedly shown that the tontine bonus system is entirely bad and productive of evils of many kinds. This system has now been prohibited by a law which comes into force at the beginning of 1907. We have also emphasised the fact that the craze for bigness produces badness, and that the efforts to obtain a very large new business regardless of expense were adverse to existing policyholders. The extent of the new business which may be written by any company in one year is now limited by law. Thus the two main points which we have repeatedly urged were bad for the American companies have been considered and for once it may be expected that the laws will be productive of improvement.

At a time when the outlook for the American companies was better than it has been at any time during the past twenty years, a British office endeavoured to turn to account the feelings of uneasiness which the scandals produced. Great publicity was given to the proposals, and the effect has been to make people doubt whether any insurance company, British, Colonial or American, is as sound as they believed it to be. It cannot be too emphatically affirmed that practically every Life office, at any rate of any magnitude, which is doing business in the United Kingdom is completely secure, nor should it be forgotten that Life assurance companies, from the very nature of their business, have a wonderful power of pulling round even after being in considerable difficulties. It also needs to be stated with unmistakable clearness that policyholders are acting against their own interests if they transfer their Life assurance from one company to another after paying premiums for two or three years. The whole practice of policy twisting which we have seen attempted on an unprecedented scale during the past month is entirely injurious to the best interests of policyholders and insurance companies. The fact is that insurance matters, owing to various causes, have been given quite unusual prominence during the past twelve months, and for the most part the views which have been taken of the various points which have arisen have been distorted and out of perspective. Shareholders, especially of Fire insurance companies, have been feeling uneasy and acting imprudently as a result of the heavy losses incurred at San Francisco. They have forgotten, or have never known, the principles upon which insurance ought to be managed; many shareholders have written to us to inquire whether they ought not to sell their shares at a sacrifice because they feared that a heavy call might be made upon their shares. In nearly every case these fears, whether of policyholders or shareholders, have been devoid of any justification in fact, but none the less we are afraid that it will be some time before the public as a whole regains that complete confidence in insurance companies which was formerly felt and which the facts, when rightly understood, abundantly justify.

REICHISMUS.

CLODIUS, intruding on the rites of Bona Dea, may have had the grace to be a little ashamed of himself. I, certainly, had the grace to be a little ashamed of myself when, on the Thursday afternoon of last week, at Claridge's, I slipped into the drawing-room where ladies sit at the feet of Dr. Emil Reich. Not that I had come to scoff. I was simply anxious to investigate, to understand. I had read reports of these lectures, but without finding therein a clue to Dr. Reich's very great success. Perhaps, I thought, the reporters had not done justice—had suppressed whole passages of wisdom, of beauty, even of relevance to Plato. If, on the other hand, the substance of the lectures was like the substance of the reports, must not Dr. Reich have, to a quite astonishing degree, the gift of magnetism?

When, in a solemn hush, he passed up the aisle of his luxurious tabernacle, ascended the dais, and silently faced his illuminatae, I guessed that he was magnetic. He had his back to the light; but the silhouette was impressive; and the light behind him seemed, in my fancy, to radiate from his own person—to be his own diffusion of the "siccum lumen" that was Plato's, rather than the ordinary greyness of a London

afternoon. I admired the quiet, strong, deliberate manner in which he detached his watch from its chain and laid it on the table before him, with the air of one who knows time to be a delusion, yet is willing, in presence of the deluded, to treat it as a reality. Within the little span of time that he had allotted to himself, how much of wisdom could he compress for us? That was the question he seemed to be asking in his heart before he cleared his throat and addressed us. An admirable voice, deep, rich, harmonious, eradicating all the ugliness of a guttural accent. A very fluent delivery, and a very copious vocabulary (as compared with the vocabulary of the average Englishman), and just enough failure in idiom to suggest a personal "style". All these assets I quickly noticed in Dr. Reich. And not less plain to me, anon, was his good luck in possessing them. I was not so magnetised that I could not wonder what, where, he would be without them. For the quality of his mind (to which, I suppose, his discourse may be taken as an index) did not seem to be such that his self-confidence could, without those other assets, be distinguished from blatancy.

His theme was the education of woman; and I felt a thrill pass through his audience when he announced that on this theme Plato had said practically nothing. Hearts began to beat faster: the dear man was going to rely more than ever on himself. It seemed to me, however, that, though he had found Plato wanting, he owed a debt to the bagman in "Pickwick". He did not say "Gents!" (for there were so few of them present); but he did, with precisely that bagman's gusto, "give" us "woman". I suppose it is impossible for a man to discuss woman publicly without making himself ridiculous. Dr. Reich himself said that it was impossible. But there are degrees in the matter. And, among those degrees, Dr. Reich seemed to touch the highest. He had loved, he told us, women of various nations: otherwise he would not have been able to speak with authority about their compatriots at large. Personal details of this kind are fatuous and jarring enough in an after-dinner speech about "The Ladies". Uttered in broad daylight, across a lecture-table, they need (for me) more than even Dr. Reich's magnetism to make them tolerable. About American women he had, perhaps, no right to speak, "for", he said with dramatic emphasis, "I have never loved an American woman". He then passed quickly on, leaving us with an ineffaceable vision of Columbia eating her heart out.

The quickness and the frequency with which, throughout his lecture, he passed on from one thing to another, giving us "here a little and there a little", struck me as possibly one of the reasons of his success. In an age of "snippets", woe betide a pundit who sticks to the point! Even the inmates of a prison would soon begin to fidget under his ministrations. How much sooner these pretty ladies, in their pretty frocks, with their pretty landaulettes impatiently awaiting them! On the other hand, these ladies are gratified by the sensation of settling down to something "stodgy", something "deep", and then finding that they are neither bored nor bewildered. When Dr. Reich implores them to "abolish the nursery", they are delighted by the quickness with which they catch his meaning. Abolish the nursery! What a charming idea! They must think it over. It would take a long time for Dr. Reich to explain how the thing could be done. So he doesn't explain. He alights on the question of what the liberated children shall be taught by their mothers. Schoolgirls, at present, are taught abstruse things that will be of no use to them in after-life. And this system, says Dr. Reich, seems to him "rather a very peculiar phenomenon". It is, it is! What, then, shall girls be taught? Tact is the most important thing in after-life. Teach them tact! How to set about it is a question to which the answer would be, obviously, a long one. So Dr. Reich passes on, and suggests that Greek would be another good subject of instruction. But not Latin; on no account Latin! Dr. Reich thrills his hearers by solemnly assuring them that not in twenty years can a woman gain a good working knowledge of Latin. Besides, what is the use of Latin? "No Roman", exclaims Dr. Reich, "ever spoke as Cicero wrote." (How true that is,

when you come to think of it! It enables you to formulate the not less startling paradox that no Englishman ever spoke as Dr. Johnson wrote. Is English therefore a negligible language? Hush! Dr. Reich has actually not yet flitted from the point.) The Latin poets are no good. "Tibullus and Catullus wrote for demi-mondaines." This, presumably, is the reason why Dr. Reich has, presumably, not dipped into the works of those two writers. "In Ovid there is not a line which could be shown to a young girl." (Evidently there is something wrong with a system of education in which Ovid is the first poet that every young boy has to construe.)

Though a young girl must not read a line of Ovid, she ought, according to Dr. Reich, to be told about the influence of Aspasia on Pericles. This, of course, is delicate ground; but Dr. Reich—here seems to be another secret of his success—is an adept in treading that sort of ground. Throughout the lecture there were moments when he seemed as if he were about to go too far; but the fear was never fulfilled. He touched lightly on the "demi-mondaines" of Athens. He mentioned Lesbos, but only to say that the subject was one which he could not discuss. He spoke of a man in Cincinnati who left a young woman alone with a man in the parlour and turned out the gas; but he did not dwell on the story, and his reticence was based, I think, on the fear of pandering to a morbid appetite which he had whetted. "Why do people read Madame de Sévigné?" he asked. "There is nothing obscene in her writing. There is nothing scandalous." He reminded us that her topics were little, quiet, every-day things. "They are not very interesting in themselves." He deduced that we read Madame de Sévigné for her inimitable style. But the implication that we like something scandalous, for its own sake, shows that Dr. Reich has a rather low opinion of us; and his refusal to go too far, despite the many opportunities he gave himself for doing so, shows that he is a man of principle.

What else was there in the lecture? So many diverse things were bandied there that I cannot recall them all. Perhaps the main point was a theory that English women had the opportunity of becoming finer than any other women because they belonged to a small country which controlled a great empire. To explain this theory fully, Dr. Reich would have had to give in detail his theory of imperialism. There was no time for that. But he had published a book on imperialism, which he commended to our notice. I am sure that, when the audience dispersed, many a chauffeur was directed to stop at the nearest book-shop.

Certainly, Reichismus is "rather a very peculiar phenomenon". It is not, however, unique. One has often seen in a village street a pedlar unpack his showy little odds and ends, glibly dilating on them to a circle of young women who gaze at them, and at him, with a world of wonder in their eyes. Would one forbid them to buy? Let them spend their sixpences and be happy. Even so, let the fine ladies spend their seven-and-sixpences and be happy. Thrive, harmless pedlar!

MAX BEERBOHM.

MISCHA ELMAN'S GENIUS.

THE fact that there has been, of late years, a marked increase in the number of "infant prodigies" appearing on the concert platform is notorious. It is also easily explained. Every human being who is possessed of normal intelligence, who has a normal hearing and no actual physical disability, can be machined by a sound academy of music into a solid, mediocre, serviceable executant on almost any instrument. This function is being performed at the present day by a legion of musical academies in all Western countries. The tests applied to pupils who are desirous of entering even the most justly famed schools of music are, in too many cases, designed to avoid the exclusion of anybody who is capable of paying the fees upon which these institutions must largely depend. It is right that a gratuitous musical education should be given to highly gifted children of poor parents: the practice seems necessarily to entail the opening of the doors to anybody and everybody who can pay. A

professor at the Leipzig Conservatorium, who was on the committee appointed to pass candidates, assured me that, in the whole course of his experience, he had only once seen an applicant refused admission. The candidate, an English youth, sat down to the piano and commenced to play "The Maiden's Prayer" by Brinley Richards. The committee, although inured to musical hardship and long grown callous, rejected him on the spot.

Precocious children can be brought to an early proficiency in music just as they can be taught to act or to take part in acrobatic feats. All that the process demands is precocity—the premature development or maturing of faculties which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, suffer later stagnation or even deterioration on account of the abnormality of this forced growth. The vast majority of musical prodigies are simply clever pupils who reflect, often with astonishing skill and intelligence, the teaching ability of the master who taught them. Sometimes they are the victims of an ingenious mechanical method; more rarely, they have had the good fortune to be moulded by a genuine artist, their spurious genius being more difficult to detect in consequence. The musician has become sick of these prodigies, always heralded by the overdone praise of the quack advertiser and successfully imposing upon the credulity of the inexperienced amateur, who knows nothing of these music factories and whose ear fails so often to detect the false ring of base metal. It is difficult to persuade a competent musician to believe in the abiding genius of any new musical star who first appears in the guise of an infant prodigy.

Mischa Elman stands absolutely outside this category. There is no need, in the first place, to judge him as a child at all. His genius is as robust as that of a musician who has developed and matured slowly by natural stages; it is a genius so commanding that, given the favourable conditions and environment, it must have asserted itself triumphantly from the beginning. In consequence we have, at the age of sixteen, a perfectly ripe artist who challenges comparison with any living adult player. I do not wish to write in exaggerated terms of Mischa Elman's musical capabilities. Purposely, in fact, I have refrained from writing about him at all on a first, even on a second, hearing. Some years ago a distinguished man of letters, whose literary staff I had the good fortune to join as an apprentice, gave me a solemn piece of advice on the correct performance of a critic's duties. "Be as lavish as you like with blame when you think it is deserved", he remarked; "but always be cautious with praise, and stint it as much as possible". It does not sound a generous creed, I admit; but it is an axiom that might often serve to restrain enthusiasm from overstepping the boundaries of sane judgment. This advice, given to me in the past by a man of great critical ability, has twice restrained my pen from dealing critically with this Russian genius. After hearing a third recital at Queen's Hall, I feel justified in recording my first impressions, which have only been strengthened by fuller knowledge and reflection.

I had no reason, when I went to hear Mischa Elman for the first time, to anticipate anything but the usual disappointing experience. To me, mixing no longer in musical society, and carefully refraining from reading any musical criticism except my own, the young Russian violinist was nothing more than an advertised name. I found in him not a young boy precociously proficient on the violin, but a musical giant, standing head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries. It has naturally fallen to my lot to become intimately acquainted with a great deal of budding musical talent, Leipzig being a prominent centre, not only of ancient musical tradition, but of violin and violoncello playing. One of my earliest experiences there, in fact, was the assembling of a congress of some sixty 'cellists, including such names as Davidoff, Fitzenhagen, Schröder, and Klengel. In such an atmosphere the development of personal conceit became an impossibility, whilst at the same time the student was impregnated with a due sense of musical perspective. I heard as boys and girls violinists and 'cellists at Leipzig who have since won their laurels in the musical world. There were amongst

them great talents of whom great things were expected. Not one of their number could have been placed on the same plane with Mischa Elman.

The few details which I have gathered respecting the young Russian do not serve to throw much light on his extraordinary capacity. He is a native of Odessa, and it appears that both his father and grandfather were excellent violinists. As everybody knows, Mischa Elman was a pupil of Professor Auer at St. Petersburg; and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, everything came naturally to the young player, as is usual in cases of remarkable genius. It did not surprise me to learn that Mischa Elman is clever and intelligent outside of music, that he is fond of reading, and that his taste in literature is both intellectual and artistic. I discovered for myself, during a brief interview, that he possesses that simple modesty which I have always found characteristic of real greatness of soul or intellect. Those who do not possess the advantage of intimate acquaintance with the technique of a stringed instrument can hardly appreciate the superiority of this Russian youth over many of the best players of to-day. The secret of this superiority lies, in my opinion, in his phrasing. The driest technical passages are phrased with such masterly conception that everything he plays is galvanised into life, and is made to convey some meaning, in the form of definite musical ideas, to the listener. This extraordinary power of interpretation—or of origination—has simplified to Mischa Elman the enormous difficulties of his instrument. All capable players learn by experience that judicious phrasing lies at the bottom of the successful conquest of technical passages making a high—often a seemingly impossible—demand upon individual skill. To listen to the phrasing of Mischa Elman is to grasp the great natural advantage—for such a degree of musical intelligence cannot be taught, however much its development may be assisted by a capable master—which he possesses over almost any living player. It is from Herr Joachim alone that I have heard anything comparable with it.

This may be thought the language of exaggeration. I have endeavoured to render to Mischa Elman, as far as my individual capacity to criticise is concerned, no more than is strictly his due. His genius as a violinist, which cannot be disputed, is primarily due to musical qualities of the highest order that are inherent in him. I have no fault to find: the greatest executants make an occasional slip, and my own firm belief is that playing would sound mechanical—like the reproductions of the automatic piano-players—if it were too perfect in smoothness of execution. Mischa Elman has survived the ordeal of the infant prodigy stage because his genius is spontaneous, not the imitative cleverness of a precocious child. And he towers so high in promise above almost all others, young or old, that even the least critical music-lover cannot fail to realise his claim to greatness.

HAROLD E. GORST.

A HERETIC ON GAMES.

WHAT a weary world it would be if there were no heretics! How flat and grey the outlook! If all excellent differences were smoothed away, disappearing like old brasses beneath the churchwarden's whitewash, if we all said what the world says—we should die of the dulls. I admit, of course, the necessity of conformity in many things. Joining an army, you are bound to assume its uniform, to vary your buttons at the command of a volatile war office, and to swear, on parade, that whatever is is the only wear. But a lay heretic may, I hope, be allowed to air his paradoxes, if only in the benevolent hope that it may pleasure some poor body to contradict him.

My heresy is not one of your earth-shaking kind. No church, no state would topple to its fall if the world accepted it as a truth to-morrow. The world did so accept it for many years, and went very well then; it is probably quite ready to assert it still as an article of its faith—to declare, for anything I know, that it has not in practice departed from it.

Broadly stated, my pet heresy, which seems to my parlous state an incontrovertible truth, is that "games are games": that they were made for man and for the relaxation of the world. But if I

may judge by newspapers, by the talk of that deplorable "man in the street", or by the impediments placed in the way of my own small efforts as a gamester, I pitch the pipe too low. Games are real, games are earnest, is all the cry. Journals (even respectable sheets, not two-farthing trash) devote columns to them. Casuals discuss them on their weary tramp from union to union. All the world works at them or watches, more or less intelligently, the workers. And the sad result is that they have taken away our play, and buried it under skyscraping monuments of book knowledge. As Charles Lamb's correspondent said, "My wife too, my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster. I have lost my gentle helpless Anna". The schoolmaster had got, as he admits, a most useful substitute, and it may be that games are better played than ever before, but, to those who hold that the object of games is enjoyment, it must seem that their *raison d'être* is terribly neglected.

I have owned that the share I have taken in games is insignificant. I never, for instance, played cricket for my county. But a looker-on, whether he see most of the game or not, does certainly see most of the expression on the players' faces. Twenty years ago there was an appearance of jollity about a cricket eleven in the field; a little skylarking when a wicket fell, and the like. But now? They are all much too deadly earnest for that. They rest assiduously in any intervals of leather-hunting, lest they should expend in frivolity one ounce of strength. And what is true of the county, is true of the village and the school. They take themselves quite as seriously, becoming thereby, to all but themselves, most comic. But, as far as they are concerned, you shall see more merriment at a first-class funeral.

There is a good side to this gravity. A man should do all he knows for his side, county or village. But can it be necessary to pull such a long face over it?

Another thing the play-experts have done for us is the practical elimination of the duffer. The game is played so (hopelessly as it seems to him) well, that he backs out of playing instead of being keen to learn. He has read so much about the right way to hit a ball that, for fear of a bad stroke, he declines to hit at all. With the result that village cricket is nearly dead, and county cricket a gladiatorial exhibition, a matter of subvention.

Science is a grand thing, no doubt. Unhappily, not all can assimilate her. Years ago, I knew a billiard-player who was, as amateurs went then, very good. He would make you his fifties with some frequency, and an occasional hundred. He went to Joe Bennett to learn the spot-stroke and that alone. Perhaps Joe thought him a trifle peacocky: anyhow, he began by insisting that the man made his bridge all wrong. The pupil soon learnt how to make the regulation bridge, but he never again made a break of thirty. Wise was the humourist who said "You may make a whistle out of a pig's tail. But if you do, you will find that you have spoilt a very worthy tail, and got a devilish poor whistle".

If science casts a shade on games of dexterity, like cricket and billiards, far darker is the inspissation of gloom with which she broods over games of the head, such as bridge and chess. I have never myself been very fond of cards, but my friends who are, murmur sadly. "Bridge is played so well now that I, who cannot give all my time to it, am practically out of it". That is the burden of their melancholy song.

Chess suffers greatly from a notion which grows yearly more prevalent that it must be played "scientifically". By which most people mean that book-knowledge is necessary. Book-knowledge does no doubt economise thought. The man who knows by rote the answer to any given move will keep fresher than if he had to puzzle it out every time. But what gratification can there be in doing the correct thing because Dr. Lasker said it was correct? Half the "scientific" players have the vaguest notion why a move is good: they make it because it is in the books, and no doubt they thereby win games, if that be their only object.

But should it be? So ingrained is my heresy that I would rather lose a game "out of my own head" than

win by my memory of the books. "We gentlemen of quality are more delighted with the sprouts of our own wit." I fear I am one of those "insufferable triflers" whom Sarah Battle "detested from her heart and soul". The SATURDAY REVIEW described me to a hair the other day. I "play 'skittles' and shall remain for ever a mere 'woodshifter'". I enjoy myself, kill or pass time: these are what I want and get". What more can fairly be asked of a game? If I wanted to improve my mind, I would get to work.

As to the necessity of winning, I seem to be in a minority of one. Not long ago I won a game from a friend who fretted somewhat at his defeat. "Dear me!" said I, "what a queer customer you are! I believe you would like to win every game!" As always befalls us poor heretics when we think ourselves safe, the answer was "Of course I would! So would everybody!"

So would not I. The winning or losing of a game seems to me a very small part of it; the play's the thing. But it would be, to me, very dull always to win: a loser has hope, which is pleasanter than certainty. I wonder that so good a sportsman as Charles Fox should have placed losing second to winning among the pleasures of life. Why not a dead-heat? Reckless Fox can hardly have been considering the money side of the question.

Chess has one advantage over all head games that I know. Book science will only go a little way in it. Sooner or later you must leave the book, or it leaves you. The book, in fact, only arms you for the fight; you have got to use the arms yourself.

It has, for me, another great pull over most card games—the loss, except in club matches, falls on the loser alone. I would not play chess, with a partner, for worlds. Alone, I flatter myself that I am a very good loser. I should be, for my friends give me plenty of practice.

CECIL S. KENT.

THE TESTIMONY OF OUR EARTHWORKS.

OF all the remains which have come down to us from past ages there are none at first sight so inscrutable as those shaped out of the turf and top-soil of the earth. Under the foot of man lay the ever-ready material, inviting primitive labour to speedy results. No need to wait for the output of quarry or kiln, no call for manufacturing skill, nor for any but the simplest of tools. When achieved, how alike in appearance was all such work, and how lasting! Clad in the green of the surrounding turf, the crumbling lines of rampart and ditch or the slope of grassy mounts meet the casual wanderer all over the land, invite his scrutiny, and then send him away with unsatisfied curiosity.

But few have any idea how numerous such works are. If the surface of a single English shire were faithfully modelled in relief, these groupings of tumbled earth, of various forms and dates, would be found to outnumber all the parish churches and ancient manor-houses together. That they have survived the chances and changes of so many centuries is not the least of their claims on our attention and respect. Sometimes they lie hidden behind the cottages of out-of-the-way hamlets. Sometimes they form the environs of ancient manorial dwellings. Others again stand solitary, far from human fellowship. Even when not distant from inhabited sites, in the days of unadventurous agriculture, these places were often left alone. They needed more labour to level them than the workers in the common fields felt inclined to face. Self-sown acorns or beech-nuts fell within their area, and in due course grew into great trees, which in later times helped to keep the enclosures still intact. Thick brushwood clothed the ground about the boles of the trees, and stagnant water, scummed with duck-weed, lay in the wide moats. In many places an evil reputation maintained their eerie aloofness. The rustics would not willingly go near them after dark; and even when the sites came to be cleared and cultivated, the lads who were set to watch and drive away the birds from newly sown seed disliked their task and craved for company. Mysterious alike to both gentle and simple these old-time creations of human labour have remained, even to this day, although the ploughs and locomotives of the

last fifty years, having neither sense nor sensibility, have done their best, wherever they could, to destroy both the mystery and the works together.

Although it is less easy in thought to re-people the banks and hillocks of our earthworks with appropriate occupants than the ruins of abbey or castle, yet it is no longer so much a matter of guesswork as it was a few years ago. The story begins much further back than that of the most venerable relic of the mason's craft. Long before the first word of our written history, the men who shaped their tools and weapons of flint drew their rampart lines across the approach side of promontories which had their root in sea or quagmire, and entrenched their vast circles or ovals on plateau or downs surrounded by primeval forest. Below them were grazing grounds near pleasant waters, from which the wild clans might repair to their refuges on the heights, when other hordes, bent on capturing wives or cattle, came out on foray. As centuries went by the men who worked in bronze and shaped rude pottery also found shelter, on like occasions, within similar protective enclosures. By and by, bronze gave place to iron, and the people, having learned to buy and sell, and even to punch out their clumsy coins, still gathered for common protection within their earthen banks and ditches, strengthened with rough defences of timber. Like their trackways, the lines of their works were often irregular, following salient points of the defended positions. Sometimes they took the form of great ditched embankments along a dangerous boundary, such as the four dykes which ran for several miles from fen to forest to close the entrance to the country of the Iceni.

When the Roman masters came, they too resorted to earth and timber for their earlier stations. Straight, like their roads, were their lines of rampart and fosse, and mostly rectilinear and rectangular their encampments, with rounded angles and formal lateral entrances. This primly regular type of entrenchment now took its place amongst the vaster and more primitive works of earlier days, or, when it suited the convenience of the invaders, even within them. Though slighter than the older examples, they were skilfully stockaded, and held by superior organisation and deadlier weapons.

The centuries pass, and a further development appears. All these larger enclosures were clearly the handiwork of large bodies of men, of tribe or troop. Now came the time when ditches were dug and banks thrown up to enclose a smaller space, wherein some man of note or substance might plant his homestead. The Anglo-Saxon lords or thegns, true to their Germanic tradition of separateness, dwelt in such isolated abodes, and their laws and records refer to their construction and maintenance. Whilst the cheorl enclosed his simple hut and yard with a mere hedge, the "burhs" of king, bishop, and greater or lesser thegn were carefully protected by earthen rampart, stockade and moat.

The incursions of Dane and Northman added fresh examples of circumvallation for posterity to puzzle over, with, perhaps, here and there, protected harbourage for their shipping, by the side of the waterways which had formed their means of approach.

After the lapse of several hundred years another earthwork feature makes its appearance, the moated mount, which occurs widespread, all over the land. Although, in places, there may be mounds of doubtful origin, it is now fairly established that both in their own country and in the lands they invaded and settled the Normans dug and shaped these "mottes", with their adjoining courts or baileys, as castles of earth and timber, with stockaded keeps on the mounts. They were easy to rear and strong to hold, and as time went by were easily turned into fastnesses of stone, by replacing the stockades with walls and towers of masonry. Even the monastic establishments, in the Norman times, ran their ramparts and moats about their great enclosures, and trusted to earth and stockade for security and seclusion. Nor does the story of the earthwork end here. In the late middle age, when houses of stone and brick lifted up aspiring gables and shapely chimney shafts, making pleasant homes amidst gardens and orchards, still the workers with the spade were set to dig moat and rampart all round about them, just as we now secure privacy by wall or fence.

THE PRAYER.

O NOT the rain that wets his face
And not the winds that beat and chill—
Not these bid shepherd mend his pace
To-night across the hill.

It is no sheep hath shepherd lost,
Yet hoarse he cries and, crying, will
He cross again as he hath crost
And crost again the hill.

A strong man's eyes with grief a-swim
Are like to make an angel's dim :
Whose prayers him choke or ever twice
He prays will angels sacrifice
A time of blessed Paradise
To minister to him.

Then, shepherd, kneel and plead thy care ;
Saint Athelstan will help a man !
What prayer a weeping shepherd can,
The shepherd makes Saint Athelstan,
And makes again his prayer.

O shepherd, look ! the cup of night
Is broke, and clouds, dividing, yield
To thee a sign, to thine a shield :
Look ! comes to earth a line of light,
From Heaven it comes and waxes bright
As Heaven itself concealed.

Now hasten whither thou art signed,
And on a pitchy moorland find
A wide and wild and pitchy wood
As ever on a moorland stood
With mountain lands behind. . . .

Lost lands and pathless lie away
And mountains there are banded black
With forests under mountains gray :
And on gray mountains mountains stack
And dwindle to a skiey rack
For clouds there fixed as they.

And there's a stony slanting pit,
And deep a mountain side it mines—
A crevice in a mountain split,
And capped with fallen pines.

So deep above the cape is drawn
No winds come there nor ever sun ;
There dusk is ever one with dawn
And noon with midnight one.

Lone habitant the cavern hath,
And lean at eve she stole away,
And gray she picked her secret path
As ever wolf was gray.

A chilly wolf it is she runs—
An empty maw's a numbing bed :
Over the mountain's cloudy head
Climbed, seen or hid, three winter suns,
All since the gray wolf fed.

And on she comes in starving state
To hunt the marsh where last she ate,
And wander, whining, at a loss
To rid her of the weary weight
Behind the rib herself would freight ;
To leave the marsh and hunt the moss,
And howl her hunger overcross
A land obliterate.

She's on a bank with willow hung—
What news upon the night is sprung ?
The gray wolf there with eyes aslant
And nostril slits agape, gives tongue
And knells, not calls, her want.

What thing is hinted in the wind ?
Some wasted hare or sodden bird
Dies in the grass, or feeble hind
Is fallen from the herd ?

Nay, none of these is rumoured there :
There is no knowledge in the wind
Of dying bird or dying hare
Or herd-forsaken hind.

But wandered feet have run the wild,
And in the wood are eyes affright :
It is the shepherd's haunted child
Is in the wood to-night.

'Twixt rain and rain a small sun shone
And weakly ruled the winter day :
Was shepherd on a journey gone :
The shepherd's boy from home alone
Went, wonderwist, astray.

The sun fell like a god rebuked ;
And east the lost boy turned, and west,
And south and north the lost boy looked,
And is the dark wood's guest.

As down the trees the shadow crept
A night-bird through the shadow swept ;
The lost boy heard her evil scream,
And where he stood he sank and wept
His way to icy dream :

And wakes to see—what sees he there
Or is his sense still led in dream ?
What tricks with hope his chill despair
Who heard the night bird scream ?

As, were there moon, might fade her stream
With beauty through wet woods and bare,
Fades in his view a silver stair
Lit by a fading beam :

Lies in his view a fellow-guest,
Irradiant there with gentle light :
Was never mortal vision blest
With lamb so holy white.

But, lost boy, listen—is it wind
That rustles in the thorn behind ?
Nay, listen—look ! O sight all dread !
The lost boy stares and, horror blind,
Swoons down upon his bed.

Ay, shepherd crying, louder cry,
And let thy anguish, rising, buy
New grace for him whom Terror's wing
Hath felled, lest he a midnight lie
In madding trance, and, wakening,
Open an idiot eye.

O shepherd come into the wood,
And call and hear and clasp again
Whose eyes, if weeping, open sane—
Whose eyes have looked on sainted blood
And seen an angel slain.

Look in the sky, thou favoured man,
And raise thy joy and higher raise
What praise a weeping shepherd can !
The shepherd makes Saint Athelstan—
And makes again, his praise.

With holy ruin grass is red
Where in a wood a gray wolf fed.
The wolf is in her mountain pit
And night's a world to west of it.
Day tops the mountain's head.

The grass is red : will rains remove
The hallowed mark ; soon spring will glove
The wood anew and none will tell
The pity of that miracle ;
It will be told where angels dwell,
Its wonder, and their love.

RALPH HODGSON.

THE EVOLUTION OF BRIDGE.

(Continued.)

FOR a considerable period after the introduction of bridge into London in 1894 it remained almost exclusively a club game. Men who played it at London clubs also played it in their own country houses, or wherever they could get up a rubber, but it was by no means the popular social game that it has since become. It was not until the beginning of the present century, 1900 or 1901, that the ladies discovered what a delightful field of amusement and mild speculation was open to them.

The game of whist had never appealed strongly to women. The scientific conventions of the game, its solemnity, and, above all, the enforced silence from which "whist" probably derived its name were not at all to their liking, but here was a very different matter. Here was a game at which it was not considered wicked to smile or to make some harmless irrelevant remark. Here was a game at which they could meet men on even terms and could hold their own with them, a game at which their naturally quick intuition was of the greatest service, a game which offered that greatest of all charms to the female mind—infinite variety.

When once the ladies discovered the fascination of the game, they adopted it as their own, and became even more enthusiastic about it than the men. There are now many very fine women bridge-players, and their number is increasing every day. The general standard of bridge has improved enormously in the last three or four years. Whereas it was at one time the exception to meet a really first-class player, they are to be met with now in every club and in every walk of life. The latest innovation is mixed bridge clubs for men and ladies, and not only do they seem to be very popular, but the standard of play at some of them is quite as good as that of many men's clubs.

Bridge has to a certain extent revolutionised society. It has shortened the long, weary, and unwholesome dinners of ten years ago. It has altered entirely that dreadful tedious hour in the drawing-room after dinner, when one used to count the minutes until one could decently take one's departure. It has done away with the monotony of that wet day in a country house, which we used to know so well, and it has given an added interest in life to many people. In short, like the Pickwick pen, it has "come as a boon and a blessing to men", and still more so to ladies.

We are sometimes asked: "Is the popularity of bridge on the wane?" We unhesitatingly answer "No". There is a strong tendency, everywhere, to play for lower points. The twos and tens (25. points, with £10 on the rubber) of the days of "The Boozers", are no longer heard of. The highest game played in London at the present time is 15. points, or £5 per 100, and the tendency to reduce this is so strongly marked that it seems probable that threepenny points will become the standard game at the leading London clubs in the near future.

Possibly bridge may not be growing in popularity in London—there was hardly any room for it to do so—but in the country, at the seaside, wherever people congregate for any purpose, there the game is growing and flourishing like a green bay tree.

THE BRIDGE POCKET BOOK.

This excellent little work, lately published by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of "diary" fame, promises to supply a want of long standing among regular bridge players. Most players like to keep some record of their winnings and losings, but it hardly seems worth while to carry about a book for this special purpose. "The Bridge Pocket Book" not only caters for this want by giving some very neatly got up tables with a win and lose cash column, but it also contains a great deal of information very useful to the habitual bridge player. It commences with the authorised code of laws of the game, and the book is worth buying for this alone. How often, in ordinary play, does some question arise as to the rules of the game, and the

rubber has to be stopped while search is made for a bridge book, which is generally not forthcoming. In future we hope that at least two out of the four players will be able to rectify this deficiency at once by producing their bridge pocket book. In addition to the laws, there is a glossary of terms, the "maxims" quoted from Mr. Dalton's "Bridge at a Glance", and some valuable hints on the play of the cards, very clearly and concisely given. The book is edited, and the hints and "don'ts" are written by Capt. J. H. Montagu, a player of no mean ability, being the outcome of his own personal experience of the game, and it contains much useful information in a very condensed form. It is of such handy size that it can easily be carried in the waistcoat pocket, and the price is within the reach of all, ranging from 1s. in its cheapest form, to 5s. nicely bound in Russia leather.

CHESS.

PILLSBURY'S RETIREMENT.

FROM a private source we learn that it is unlikely that Pillsbury will ever play chess again. His downfall ought to be a lesson to clubs particularly, who tempted him to engage in abnormal feats of memory with the result that he is now "a wreck mentally". As an illustration of one of his performances we may mention that of playing twenty odd games of chess blindfold simultaneously, half a dozen games of draughts, taking a hand in a rubber at whist, and during an interval for lunch or supper ask the audience to call out numbered words or names, which he was prepared to repeat in any order, giving at the same time the word corresponding to any number or vice versa. This performance was often repeated two and three times in a week. If the brain were composed of the best-tempered steel, it could not long stand this strain. Because Pillsbury, besides having this extraordinary faculty, was also a great chess player, with the possible exception of Morphy the greatest America has produced, some writers have tried to blame chess for his condition. We might just as well denounce cricket because a few years ago the minds of two famous cricketers gave way.

Taking all the circumstances into account, the following game is probably the greatest which Pillsbury has played. He won the first brilliancy prize for it at Nuremberg, while the loser won the tournament. No man had greater claims to challenge Lasker for the championship. But, being very modest, he refused to issue a challenge until he was prepared to stake his own money. Would there were more like him!

FRENCH DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
H. N. Pillsbury	E. Lasker	H. N. Pillsbury	E. Lasker
1. P-K4	P-K3	5. P-B4	P-QB4
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	6. P×P	Kt-QB3
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	7. P-QR3	Kt×P (B4)
4. P-K5	KKt-Q2	8. P-QKt4	Kt (B4)-Q2

If black were delivering a lecture on this game, he would probably give reasons why 7B×P would have been better. Half the moves in the game have been made with this knight; and black ought to and does suffer for the waste of time which this procedure involved.

9. B-Q3	P-QR4	12. B-K3	Kt(Kt1)-Q2
10. P-Kt5	Kt(B3)-Kt1	13. Castles	P-KKt3
11. Kt-B3	Kt-B4		

Having wasted so much time, black's development is inferior, and he is therefore compelled to waste a little more time to prevent P-B5.

14. Kt-K2	B-K2	15. Q-K1	Kt-Kt3
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When Dr. Lasker has a wrong idea, it is irretrievably wrong. Depending upon the future he goes on with the idea until he altogether overbalances himself. Here

he imagines his position on the king's side to be safe and prepares for an assault on the queen's side.

- | | | | |
|------------|------------|------------|---------|
| 16. Kkt-Q4 | B-Q2 | 21. P-B5 | KtP x P |
| 17. Q-B2 | Kt(Kt3)-R4 | 22. Kt-B4 | P-R5 |
| 18. QR-Kt1 | P-KR4 | 23. R-R1 | B-K2 |
| 19. P-Kt6 | Kt x B | 24. R x Kt | B x R |
| 20. P x Kt | B x P | | |

One does not know which to admire more, the non-chalance or the confidence with which white sacrificed two whole pawns. And that was a mere prelude to bigger sacrifices; the exchange now, and later a piece. It would be difficult to recall a position where a deliberate sacrifice of material among players of their rank promised so little. This only shows the profundity of Pillsbury's play.

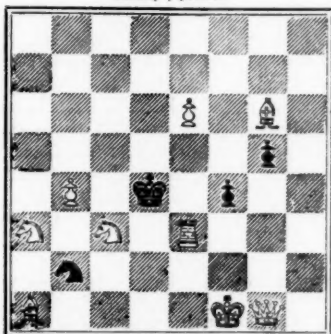
25. Kt(Q4) x KP P x Kt 26. Kt x KP B-Q2

It has been shown that black's only chance of resistance is in the line of play adopted. Any attempt to save the queen would prove just as disastrous. The ending is intensely interesting, the issue being doubtful for a long time.

- | | | | |
|--------------|----------|-------------|---------|
| 27. Kt x Q | R x Kt | 39. Q x P | R x P |
| 28. B-B5 | QR-B1 | 40. Q-B5 | R-K3 |
| 29. B x B | K x B | 41. Q-B7 | K-K2 |
| 30. Q-K3 | R-B3 | 42. K-B4 | P-Kt3 |
| 31. Q-Kt5 ch | K-B2 | 43. P-R4 | R-QB3 |
| 32. R-B1 | R x R ch | 44. Q-Kt8 | B-K8 |
| 33. Q x R | R x QB1 | 45. K x P | R-R3 |
| 34. Q-K1 | P-R6 | 46. Q-B7 ch | K-B1 |
| 35. P x B | R-Kt1 ch | 47. Q-Q8 | P-Kt4 |
| 36. K-B2 | P-R5 | 48. P-K6 | R-R2 |
| 37. Q-Kt4 | R-Kt3 | 49. K-K5 | P-Kt5 |
| 38. K-B3 | P-R6 | 50. Q-Q6 ch | Resigns |

PROBLEM 80. By B. G. LAWS.

Black, 4 pieces.



White, 9 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 79: 1. P-Q4.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FATHER MARTIN'S HISTORIC WORK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The obituary notices of the late Father-General of the Jesuits have not given weight enough to his historic labours. In ancient times, as is well known, Jesuit histories were in no little request. Even now the number of guineas given for the early Jesuit "Relations" of Japan or America is considerable, and Father Henry More's "History of the English Province" may be sought for by a book-hunter of means (*crede experto*) for years and not found. Of old the Jesuits wrote their history according to the fashion of the times in bulky Latin folios. But the last of these volumes appeared one hundred and fifty years ago, and then ensued a long period of silence or of comparatively insignificant publications. The completeness of the destruction that fell upon their homes libraries and archives during the whole of the revolutionary period accounts for much of this. Yet it cannot but be to the discredit of a great order, as it would reflect unfavourably on a nation or a great corporation, if it neglects to set forth the great objects for which it has striven, and the exploits of its foremost men. Father Martin recognised the defect

and got together a band of workers to remedy it. But when the work had begun the magnitude of the task became apparent. The domestic papers of the Jesuits had been seized by many a Government, many were lost and the rest widely dispersed, having found their way into thousands of different archives or libraries. They must now be searched for, catalogued, and copied. With reason did Father Martin say that he feared he should die before the first volume was published.

Then too his historians, if they were to be worthy of their place, must be trained, not only in "diplomatie" but also in criticism. Hundreds of people fancy themselves unprejudiced with regard to history, who have never in their lives resisted prejudices. Only those who have had long practice in eliminating party views and prepossessions in themselves as well as in others are really capable of discerning and describing what did in fact take place in the past, the records of which are so often tainted by partisanship. Nothing tells more to Father Martin's credit than the adaptability he showed in taking up this idea. Though he had not had any special historical training himself, he came to learn by the assistance he gave to historians that history must be entirely free from the subjective ideas of its writer, and represent as in a mirror the course of events without the aid of a word to preach doctrine or even virtue or loyalty. If history does convey lessons on those heads (and of course it did for him) it is the subject which must inspire them, not the historian. He was fond of history, scientific history, to a degree which is unusual everywhere, and especially rare in those countries where speculative science excites so much attention as to withdraw interest from those called exact. As my personal acquaintance with him was formed whilst I was studying under his auspices in the Vatican Archives, it was natural that his conversations with me should often turn on history, and I was surprised to find how firmly he held to true principles, little though these are appreciated by most people.

Though Father Martin feared that he might never see the first of the books he desired, and though he was cut off before his time, still he lived long enough to see a very good commencement made. Father Astrain printed the first volume of his history of the Jesuits in Spain three years ago, and Father Hughes' history of the Jesuits in North America is announced by Messrs. Longmans. Before the late French troubles it was reported that Father Mercier had more than one volume on France ready for the press. But this is by no means a complete account of the work that has been done under the late Father-General's initiative. The score of volumes which have appeared in the series of "Monumenta Societatis Jesu Historica", an invaluable series for Reformation history, is immensely indebted to him. Father Pollen's interesting volume on Mary Stuart (printed by the Scottish History Society) shows how valuable these Jesuit materials may be to us at home. The Italian Government has lately been subsidising the publication by Father Beccari of the accounts of the early Jesuits on the Upper Nile and in Abyssinia, the land of fabled Prester John. Without attempting to enumerate all the writers whose work has been inspired or encouraged by Father Martin, the names of Fathers Duhr and Braunsberger, with their thorough German scholarship, and Father Venturi, with his intimate acquaintance with the treasures of the Vatican, must not be omitted.

Father Martin's encouragement of historic inquiry may therefore certainly be called a success, a success which if followed up may lead to very creditable results. As to the rest of his policy as General, we have not so far the materials before us which enable us to arrive at any definite conclusion. Terrible misfortunes have overtaken his followers in France, but it is hard to see what he could have done to avert the blow. In other countries their fortunes have been improving, especially in Germany. The man himself was no mere figure-head but a spiritual leader such as hardly any country but Spain could produce. Immensely strong he was, at the same time absolutely devoted to what is most refined and elevated in the Christian revelation—a born leader, and a man with a mission, which, so far as in him lay, he certainly carried out with irreproachable fidelity.

HISTORICUS.

THE BRITISH WHEAT BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Charlecot, Walthamstow, N.E.

SIR,—In February last I was pondering on the lethargy and stupor as to free trade that has settled down upon the minds of the majority in England. All classes seem to be similarly affected. They higgles over a halfpenny in the price of a loaf as if the fate of the nation depended on it, and they will not devote one moment's attention to the fact that they are paying away capital by millions to-day for wheat that they could grow at home for nothing. Well, in February I was meditating this intently, and it occurred to me on a sudden, how easy it would be to tabulate the annual disbursements for foreign wheat for the last sixty years and see what it came to. I decided that it was really important, and quite worth inquiring into.

But when I began to try to do it I found it was very far from easy. My next-door neighbour had furnished himself with the last Encyclopædia Britannica that had set "The Times" talking for all the world like a German hotel-tout, and he kindly put it at my disposal indexes and all. I spent a day upon the numberless volumes, and not one word of any use could I find on the subject from cover to cover. At last I got a hint of what to ask for, and then our parliamentary printers furnished me with the three Blue-books necessary. The Returns are confused, ill digested, overlapping one table by another, so that to get out of it all an intelligible statement requires a skilled actuary rather than an ordinary mortal. However I at last attained my end. It was far from easy, but it seems to me now correct, and if so it is indisputable.

I have only gone back to 1856, and as the Corn Laws were repealed in 1846 it should by rights be carried back to that year. Still the fifty years are sufficient for they mount up the capital thrown away to £1,034,600,000, or say roughly to over a thousand million. This is not a sum that anyone ought to contemplate lethargically. It is equal to the National Debt, with the expenses of the South African war superadded. A sum in itself sufficient to threaten any nation in the world with bankruptcy if persisted in.

To be brief, I found it convenient to summarise the three books in three tables, and I may add that I am perfectly prepared to substantiate each by elaborated tables showing year by year the amount annually thrown away.

Table No. 1 gives three years—1856, 1857, 1858...	£36,400,000
Table No. 2—1859 to 1869	213,000,000
Table No. 3—1870 to 1902	735,000,000
	£984,400,000
1903, not ascertained, but probably 25 million ...	25,000,000
1904, Speaker's Handbook, p. 115, 18 million qrs. ...	25,200,000
	£1,034,600,000

The reader, when he knows that such a sum as this has in fifty years gone into the pocket of foreigners, being lost to us for ever, will little wonder that business of all kinds is grown slack and unprofitable here; that the poor have increased; that the mismanaged workhouses are every winter likely to be more and more encumbered with paupers; that many firms have carried their plant abroad; that population is pressing into the cities and quitting the soil; that socialists, strikers, trade unionists, and the disaffected loafers and idlers of all sorts are having recourse to monster meetings with insolent repudiation of charity, demanding work and yet refusing to do work if found for them; that the broad acres of England, once the model farm of Europe, are fallen out of culture, and no wheat is grown on them or thought of.

Seeing all this it wants very little wisdom to know the main cause of it all. It arises from the depletion of capital. England is bleeding to death. Her public stupor is partly also due to the same cause. If we had a thousand million planted into the Bank straight with the National Debt wiped out, what an elasticity such an addition of capital and currency would introduce at once. Yet we have to recollect that but for madness this would actually have been the present condition of

things here. We could have grown in England the whole of the wheat that we have brought from abroad. We might have required the colonial that we have imported. But doing that would still have left us in the main self-supporting as a colony is, for a wise Imperialist, only an oversea county. Now no country that is not self-supporting is safe.

This letter is now too long for me to enter upon the economics of agriculture, but I think I may be permitted to say that the prophet Baruch is a better economist for England to follow than Adam Smith. His advice runs "Give not the things that are profitable unto thee unto a strange nation". The Apocrypha to me reads like inspiration here, and may very well be read as the Church article says for "example of life", and to establish, out of old Hebrew, a doctrine subversive of free trade. Clever wicked old Fontenelle once went to church with a family he was visiting, and the lady of the house gave him the Book of Baruch to keep him quiet. His exclamation was, "Why this Baruch was a man of genius". Yes, and might now by this save England.

I have always regarded free trade as the act of an idiot that might some day involve the ruin of England; for the neglect of agriculture is a crime. Idiot in Greek means "a plebeian with no professional knowledge". That is to say, Cobden the glib Manchester salesman presumed to give England a lesson in Economy with this result, that if Gladstone's magnanimous climbing down at Majuba has cost 200 millions, Cobden's cheap buying has cost us 1,000 millions. Let equally well-qualified labour members, now thrust into Parliament, take counsel in time; if not, their little knowledge,—always a "dangerous thing",—will soon run themselves and the kingdom into sheer bankruptcy.

Solomon said there is "much food in the tillage of the poor". Cobden taught with some old fool of Kirkcaldy that you should buy bread like everything else in the cheapest market, and he has strangled British agriculture by his little mistake. The result I have reached by a dismal peregrination through the Blue-books is that to pay one thousand millions for what your own ploughs would have thrown into your hands for nothing is, to put it very mildly, a somewhat expensive economy.

C. A. WARD.

THE FUTURE STATE OF ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chawton Lodge, Alton, Hampshire,
4 June, 1906.

SIR,—It is probable that neither the author of "A Book of Mortals" nor your reviewer has happened to come across a curious and, to animal lovers at least, most interesting book of which the full title is "Thoughts regarding the Future State of Animals. By the Rev. J. Frewen Moor, M.A., late Vicar of Ampfield. London: Simpkin and Co."

The edition before me is the second.

Yours, &c.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

VINT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 4 June, 1906.

SIR,—A game called "Siberia" was played in Russia some thirty years ago, in which one player only declared at the commencement of the game the number of tricks he anticipated making, selecting the suit for trumps most advantageous for himself. This was followed by declarer's partner being allowed to respond, and again, later on, by the game being played "without trumps". Here you find the germs of "bridge" as now played, but the Russian game, still later, altered many of its earlier features and finally became known as "Vint", which is now the national card game of Russia. The scoring in Vint is exactly as in bridge. Honours &c. above the line, tricks below, and there are five honours

to the 10, with trumps and four aces as honours when playing No Trumps. The gradations of the suits are the same; whilst in some of the variations of Vint (for there are many) there is the first lead "Blind" before dummy is exposed. In fact "Bridge" seems to have been evolved from one of the simpler variations of Russian "Vint." Your obedient servant,
A LOVER OF CARDS.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lake Farm, Salisbury, 3 June, 1906.

SIR,—In one of the poems in Lady Alfred Douglas' volume "The Blue Bird" reviewed in yesterday's SATURDAY REVIEW the following lines occur:

"When life is difficult I dream
Of how the angels dance in Heaven."

They are quoted by your reviewer as follows:

"When life is difficult I dream of how
The angels dance in Heaven."

Perhaps your reviewer will scarcely appreciate the difference, but surely it is as well to quote a poet accurately even if the quotation is only intended to serve as a peg on which to hang foolish and unintelligent criticism. Your reviewer is pleased to express regret that "Lady Alfred Douglas should continue to believe that subservience to an outworn convention of form and language can take the place of a real insight into and interest in the human soul." As to what constitutes real insight into and interest in the human soul, opinions will probably differ; but as regards "outworn conventions of form and language", may I venture to point out to your reviewer that, of the twenty odd pieces contained in my wife's little volume, seven are written in the sonnet form and the remainder are all written in forms which are to be found in our best lyrical poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Swinburne, Blake, and the rest. If these constitute what your reviewer refers to as "outworn conventions of form and language", it would be amusing to hear his views on what he would probably describe as "the latest up-to-date" forms and conventions. It must be somewhat disconcerting to you, sir, if your various more important duties leave you the time to "edit" the effusions of the gentlemen who review the poetry for the SATURDAY REVIEW to consider that among the poems which are dismissed by your reviewer with such contemptuous "superiority" is one, "The Photograph", which first appeared in the columns of your own paper.

The SATURDAY REVIEW in the course of its descent from the position it once occupied has exhibited many curious phenomena, but it goes near to beating its own records for bad editing and bad manners when it allows one of its reviewers to print foolish and spiteful nonsense about one of its own contributors. I am old-fashioned enough to think that the fact that the contributor in question is a lady adds to the offensiveness of the proceeding. Shall I incur the scorn of your very modern reviewer by such a confession of respect to what he evidently regards as "an outworn convention"? I am sure I hope so.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ALFRED DOUGLAS.

[A censure by Lord Alfred Douglas is a serious thing indeed. We regret that the words he refers to were printed wrongly. The difference is real, though hardly enough to make great poetry of the wrongly-cited lines. But why should our acceptance in time past of one or two of "Olive Custance's" pieces blind us to the defects of her work generally? As to chivalry, we imagine Lady Alfred Douglas will prefer the courtesy which takes her seriously as a poet to the mock respect which would waive criticism in deference to "the sex".—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S ART.

"Fenwick's Career." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London: Smith, Elder. 1906. 6s.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD receives from the Press for the most part extravagant praise. In a few instances she suffers equally extravagant contempt. Powers of a remarkable kind there must be in a writer who can excite and interest the multitude to such a point, and to such a point irritate the few. Is it possible for the reviewer to be fair to these powers and yet to make clear the defect that goes far to nullify their exercise for the more discerning?

Mrs. Ward has evidently a high literary gift, amplitude and flexibility of style, unusual descriptive talent, an eye for character, and power of communicating emotion. The reader who is carried along by her stories, and assents, without irritation, to what is implied by them, or does not stop to think afterwards, may well be astonished that they should be set down as fundamentally inartistic and unedifying. Yet that, we are convinced, with whatever extenuation, must be the final verdict.

Inartistic. "Fenwick's Career", like its predecessors, has many pages of well-described scene and action, moments whose emotional glow is almost or quite infectious, several minor characters, like the fraudulent bank-manager and picture collector in the first chapter, who are well seen and drawn, and shrewd observation employed on all the figures. The dramatic staging is often effective, the *mise-en-scène* is ingeniously varied and carefully studied. But there is an initial defect, and a radical one, in the handling of the fable. Mrs. Ward defends, in her introduction, the use of historical persons as the base for a work of fiction. Yes, but the condition of their effective use is that the original persons should either be frankly adopted and played upon in the manner of Scott and Dumas, or so altered in circumstance that the memory of the originals shall not clash and compete with the figures of fiction. Mrs. Ward's method is a disastrous compromise. She takes the story of Romney as her fable, but alters the leading outward circumstances only in the matter of date; the places, Westmoreland and London, and the occupation of the hero, a painter, remain the same, and the characters themselves are consciously and awkwardly aware of the fact that they are doubles. But this worry for the reader is increased by a further borrowing. The new Romney is dated so as to be a contemporary of the young Leighton, and that artist comes upon the scene, the recognisable part of him confused with the story of an unhappy marriage. Finally the effort to place the story thirty years back is not successfully maintained, so that a new source of worry is introduced, when we find Romney, Leighton, Wilkie, Haydon, and others taken from their own periods to what, in spite of all protests, is the present time.

All this, though troublesome, is not perhaps fatal, but it is fatal to borrow a magnificent story and to make it less significant. The tragic situation and dénouement of Romney's story are complete. The tragic situation is the tussle between two duties, the ordinary duty to the wife left behind in Westmoreland, a good wife, an encumbrance to the artist's development, and the extraordinary duty to the artist's best powers, bound up with the other woman who is an artistic inspiration. If Romney had been a lesser artist and Emma a less tremendous motive for an artist's devotion and forgetfulness, tragedy would be too great a name for what happened. As it was, the actors in the story were tragically justified, and the coming together of the wrecked, unrepentant husband and the faithful wife in the end was an intolerably perfect close to an irremediable situation. In Mrs. Ward's story we have a painter who is not justified as an artist; as far as it is possible to make him out from the elaborate but confusing account his painting was in the region of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's, his ideas, his rise and decline a purely Academical affair. His siren is a frigid lady of the New Gallery type, who lays down the law to artists on the strength of visits to Florence, but fails to convince us

of sexual or artistic attraction; the story comes down with a thud when we realise that her leading attraction for Fenwick is her *social* superiority. The blameless sittings (the siren does not know that he is married), lead to an Academy success, and to greater ease on Fenwick's part with his knife and fork and conversation in society; the artist, aided by so cool a neighbourhood never, in the twelve years, descends to "things base and irreparable". Altogether, but for the needs of melodrama, he might just as well have had his wife comfortably beside him in London; and melodrama with its wonderful inhibitions and coincidences must explain why, in the days of the railway train, a small misunderstanding was kept up so long.

Unedifying. This transmutation of the legend brings out what is the serious flaw in Mrs. Ward's imagination. A constant element in her stories is something which it may seem harsh, but is nevertheless exact to call snobbery—snobbery of all degrees from the most elementary to the most exalted and rarefied. It appears in various shapes. Sometimes it is the intellectual snobbery of pedantry. That appears in the present tale in what concerns the painter's life and ideas. With all her knowledge and intelligence Mrs. Ward betrays that she remains outside of her subject here. There is no harm in that. Charlotte Brontë or for the matter of that Ouida writes of painting and painters at an equal distance, but they make no pretence to technical exactitude, and the sublimely impossible art they describe serves perfectly well the purposes of romance. Mrs. Ward is dreadfully well posted, but still outside. The social snobbery is more poisonous, the assumption, appearing not for the first time in her stories, that the solution of problems, not only of manners but of life and speculation, is to be found in the companionship of the socially exalted, with the corollary that those who are "wrong" about social conventions cannot be "right" about anything else. The flaw here, which would require considerable space to illustrate, is the more annoying, because Mrs. Ward has a keen, indeed a cruel eye for small social difficulties, and if the comic vein were possible to her, might do great things in the manner of the "Man from Blankley's". Worst of all is the moral snobbery that makes an idol of a Madame de Pastourelles. This lady is an example of devastating virtue. Her husband has fled from her to more congenial society, (it is characteristic that this, the only "immoral" person in the book, must be a Frenchman); she is separated from him but refuses him divorce because she is determined to be in at the death as the blameless wife, and this she achieves when his mind has become sufficiently enfeebled. By the same stroke she ruins the life of the man who loves her and whom she after her fashion loves, and ruins another life by bringing about a marriage between him and a girl whom he does not love. When her husband's death at last leaves her free she proposes to marry Fenwick not because she loves him but because he is turning out to be thoroughly second-rate and needs "saving", and also because it is possible the wife of the man she loves may die and happiness in that direction for him and her must be made impossible. But Fenwick's wife at this point reappearing from Canada, that solution becomes impossible, and her next irresistible task is to reunite the pair, against the grain so far as he is concerned. If all this were told with due sense of irony there is the material in it for tragi-comedy, but we are rather invited to admire than to smile at or pity this destructive "saviour". For a moment there is a glimpse of something more interesting in the dead-alive return of Fenwick to his wife, a promise of handling like Gissing's, but the intrusion of the daughter from Canada like an alien figure out of the circle of Bernard Shaw upsets the tone of the tale as the price of reconciling its protagonists. The end is a miracle. The blind man recovers his eyes and his power of painting and his love in a moment, while Madame de Pastourelles completes her career quite consistently by refusing to marry her old admirer, though Providence has removed his wife and left herself unencumbered.

THE ORIGIN OF COIN-TYPES.

"The Types of Coins, their History and Development: being the Rhind Lectures for 1904." By George Macdonald, Honorary Curator of the Hunterian Museum. Glasgow: MacLehose. 1905.

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S name is known to all who are interested in the coinage of ancient Greece, by reason of the three splendid volumes forming the catalogue of the great Hunterian Collection, which he published in 1900-05: they were models of all that a catalogue should be. In the present book he travels further afield, not confining himself to the old Hellenic issues, but tracing the history of coins (as distinguished from "money" of other sorts) from their first appearance among the Lydians about 700 B.C. down to the end of the Middle Ages. Mr. Macdonald is more interested in their historical and artistic aspects than in their commercial use: his work somewhat resembles in its scope Keary's "Morphology of Coins", but takes in a good deal more than that excellent little book contained: in other respects it may compare with Professor Percy Gardner's "Types of Greek Coins"—but it is not with Greek coins only that it is concerned.

Perhaps the most important sections of the volume are the controversial chapters dealing with the origin of coin-types. All numismatists have been interested in the discussion that has been in progress, during the last ten or fifteen years, concerning the character of the first types—generally rude representations of animals, less frequently floral devices or human figures—that are to be seen on the primitive coinage of Asia Minor and Greece. Two main theories have been prevalent for their explanation: the one has been urged by Dr. Curtius and Dr. Head, the other by Professor Ridgway. The former school will see nothing but religious emblems in these strange archaic representations of beasts and other things. It holds that the State wished to dedicate its money to its tutelary god or goddess, that the stag of Ephesus, the owl of Athens, the lion of Miletus, the tortoise of Ægina are all alike sacred types, referring to the worship of Artemis or Athena, Apollo or Aphrodite: that if the primitive artist engraved the attribute rather than the deity on the coin, it was simply because he was conscious of his inability to produce an adequate representation of the city's patron or patroness on the confined space of a half-inch die. When art improved, and die-sinkers became skilful, the deities themselves began to be portrayed: in the coinage of the fifth and later centuries the god's head normally appears on one side of the piece, the emblem that was originally the sole type is relegated to the other. It has even been suggested that the first mints were established in temples—a theory for which the evidence is most inconclusive: the one inscription which does undoubtedly establish the existence of a temple-coinage—the well-known ΕΓ ΔΙΑΥΜΟΝ ΙΕΡΗ—is on a piece so late that no argument as to primitive practice can be drawn from it. But setting aside this addition to the theory of the purely religious nature of early coin-types, it cannot be disputed that much can be urged in favour of the view. Mr. Macdonald—as we shall see—while granting that the archaic figures are often representations of the emblems of the gods, produces a non-religious reason for their appearance.

The other modern theory as to the origin of coin-types has been vigorously set forth by Professor Ridgway, who denies the religious interpretation of the devices, and sees in them indications of the exchange value of the primitive pieces. The standard currency of most early countries has been the ox or the sheep—everyone knows how the Latin *pecunia* derives from *pecus*. It is a tempting notion to suppose that the first coins were intended to be equivalent to the ox, or other unit of exchange, prevalent in the country where the new device of metal money had been introduced. Many early coins bear the representation of cattle, others show sheep, tripods and other objects which we know to have been used as standards of value. Most of the early coinage of Italy, for example the large bricklike bronze pieces, displays such types. Pollux tells us that βόϋς, the primitive ox-unit, was originally used as an equivalent word

for the stater, the primitive coin-unit: when in archaic religious or legal formulæ an ox was mentioned, later generations paid or offered the piece of money as a corresponding contribution. But it would be dangerous to press this view far, or we should have to adopt the absurd hypothesis that the value-unit of Teos had once been the griffin, or that of Miletus the lion, since these are the first representations found on their coinages, both of which go back to the very first days of the invention of money.

Mr. Macdonald rejects both these accepted views, in favour of the simple theory that the early coin-type merely reproduces the state-seal of the issuing state. The community vouched for the purity and good weight of the piece by sealing it with the device which it habitually appended to documents, weights and measures, and so forth. As was the case in the cities of mediæval Europe, many states used religious emblems as their coats-of-arms; but others used commercial types, and others again "canting heraldry", making a pun on the city-name, without any religious or other *arrière pensée*. Thus, to compare things ancient with things modern, Athens used Athene's owl, or Ephesus the stag of Artemis just in the same way as the City of London uses the red cross with S. Paul's sword in the canton, or Venice uses the lion of S. Mark. On the other hand Cyzicus used the tunny or Cyrene the silphium-plant, as purely commercial devices, illustrating the chief industry of the city much as Bristol shows the castle and ship, Canada the beaver, or Iceland the stock-fish in its shield. But quite distinct from each of these we get the punning type. Trapezus showed a table on its coins, Ancona an elbow, Selinus a parsley leaf, just as Oxford now gives us an ox fording a river, Bern a bear, or Munich a monk. It seems to us that this lucid, simple, yet many-sided explanation of the early coin-types is absolutely conclusive. It leaves us with many religious emblems, such as the one school of commentators pointed out, and many commercial emblems to please the other, yet shows that the type of the coin is only religious or commercial at secondhand, so to speak. It reproduced the state seal, and the device of that seal might be settled by either of the two tendencies which prevailed among the early choosers of a municipal device, or might even be settled by mere canting heraldry.

We have enlarged at such length on this main discovery of Mr. Macdonald that we have only a word to spare to praise the admirable photographic illustrations with which the book is enriched, and to note the curious collection of rhyming and religious inscriptions from coins which the author has collected.

A NOTABLE WOMAN.

"Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue Stockings. Her Correspondence from 1720 to 1761." By her Great-great-niece Emily J. Climençon. London: Murray. 1906. 36s. net.

MRS. CLIMENÇON tells us that the compilation of this work has occupied her five years, and labour so prolonged and so conscientious it is difficult to criticise harshly. Yet in the interest of literature as a profession the faults of the amateur must be censured. A person of literary experience would have spent half the time in producing a collection of letters which would have been twice as readable and effective as the volumes before us. For Mrs. Climençon is defective in the two qualities which nothing but the practice of letters as a profession can give, literary tact and a sense of perspective. It is tactless to tell us by numerals and footnotes who Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chesterfield, and Dr. Johnson were; and when this kind of information is repeated as often as the celebrity's name recurs, the reader begins to feel outraged. A still more serious defect is the absence of selection. There are far too many letters reproduced in these volumes, for many of them are quite uninteresting. Mrs. Climençon tells us in her preface that she has "often groaned in spirit at having to leave out much that was noble in sentiment, or long comments upon contemporary books and events". We do not groan

but rejoice that the brevity of life and the weakness of human power have compelled this too conscientious editor to some sort of suppression. For Elizabeth Montagu is at her worst when she indulges in noble sentiment and writes about Voltaire and Macpherson, and at her best when she gossips about the world of Bath and Tunbridge Wells and Hill Street. Her description of Lord Berkshire, who approached her in the Pump Room "with much snuff and civility, in consequence of which I sneezed and curtsied abundantly", is perfect; but her letter to Lord Bath on the death of George II. is a model of pompous and insincere nonsense. Judging from the letters before us we should be driven to the conclusion that Mrs. Montagu's reputation was founded on her conversation, and talking is such a very different thing from writing! A superficial education, combined with vivacity and the power of listening, will equip a woman, especially if she be young, rich, and fashionable, to meet the most famous men of her day on apparently equal terms. But we think it would be unfair to gauge Mrs. Montagu's intellectual calibre by these letters, which were written when she was quite young. They show mother-wit and common-sense, but not much knowledge of literature or of life. A "professional" editor—by which we only mean a person with more literary experience than Mrs. Climençon—would have made short work of these early letters, would have compressed them into one volume, and would have hurried on, with the sure instinct which is developed by training, to the period when Mrs. Montagu really became a power in the literary world of London. It was not between 1740 and 1760 (the period covered by this correspondence) but between 1760 and 1790 that Mrs. Montagu was in her meridian; and we prefer to wait for Mrs. Climençon's next volumes before analysing more closely Mrs. Montagu's claim to rank amongst the clever women of history.

Elizabeth Robinson was one of the nine children of Matthew Robinson, who loved the coffee-houses of S. James's, but was forced to live the greater part of his days at Mount Morris or Monk's Horton at Hythe, a property with a pleasant Jacobean house which he acquired by his wife, a Drake Morris. Matthew Robinson's cousin was "Long Sir Thomas Robinson" of Rokeby in Yorkshire, who sold the place in 1769 to John Saurey Morritt, from whose successors the nation has just acquired the Rokeby Velasquez. Sir Richard Robinson, a brother of Long Sir Thomas, was Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, and was created Baron Rokeby in 1777. The lady who has edited this correspondence is the grand-daughter of the fourth Lord Rokeby, the nephew of the celebrated Mrs. Montagu. In her girlhood Elizabeth Robinson developed a strength of character and a solid prudence which we are accustomed to call masculine. "Vapours and Love are two things that seek solitude, but for me, who have neither in my constitution, a crowd is not disagreeable", she writes at eighteen. In vain did the amorous young squires of Kent spread their nets in sight of Elizabeth, who laughed at them, and at the age of twenty married a man of fifty with a large fortune. Edward Montagu was the grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and as the younger sons of peers' younger sons do not generally inherit wealth, it would have been interesting if Mrs. Climençon had told us how Elizabeth's husband became possessed of the vast means at his disposal. We can only conjecture that it was through his mother, who was one of the Rogers of Denton Hall, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, a family that bought coal-fields at prairie values. We learn that by the death of his lunatic cousin Rogers Edward Montagu came into Denton Hall: but that was long after his marriage. At the time when Elizabeth Robinson chose Edward Montagu, he must have been enormously rich, for he had a house and two estates in Yorkshire (one near Rokeby), Sandleford Priory, a delightful place near Newbury in Berkshire, and a house in Dover Street, which was shortly abandoned for what Elizabeth's correspondents call her "palace in Hill Street", whose building and furniture were the talk of the town. Throw in a coach-and-six and a four-wheeled postchaise (then the "last cry" of luxury), and you get an assemblage of attractions that quite outweighed Mr. Montagu's fifty years in the eyes of the clever and

matter-of-fact Miss Robinson. And if the marriage was a bold venture, it was a perfectly successful one. Mr. Montagu adored his young wife and trusted her completely, and she repaid him in full by fidelity, obedience, and respectful love. The death of their one child, a boy, in infancy was the only cloud in this summer of happiness. Nor was Mrs. Montagu a pattern wife without temptations. Mr. Montagu was the Whig member for Huntingdon, one of Lord Sandwich's boroughs. He had four estates of his own to look after, and he was guardian of his cousin Rogers, and consequently had the management of his Northumberland property with its collieries. He was therefore a very busy man, and between his Politics and his coal-mines and his farms, he was obliged to be constantly away from home. Mrs. Montagu was left much alone, and as she was young, pretty, rich, and witty, she became the fashion. Mr. Pitt and Lord Bath, full of gout and classical quotations and politics, hobbled after her on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. Young, the melancholy poet, sighed like a furnace in her ear. The erudite Lord Lyttelton treated her as his equal in letters, and was never tired of writing pretty, scholarly epistles to his "Madonna". Stillingfleet with his "blew stockings" sat in her dressing-room at Sandleford. Dirty Dr. Monsey, the celebrated physician, was her tame buffoon, and alternately made her better and made her laugh. Emin, the Armenian patriot, worshipped her as his "Queen of Sheba": and charming, earnest Gilbert West was in her train. Yet amidst all this flattery Mrs. Montagu never lost her head. She never gave her elderly and absent husband a moment's uneasiness, and there never was a breath of scandal about her name. Her flirtations were purely platonic, for with the prudence which never deserted her she admitted the attentions of none but the old. Possibly the young sparks of the day were too frivolous and ignorant to amuse her, for her sense of humour was keen and her appreciation of intellect was genuine. But whether the cause was coldness or cleverness, Mrs. Montagu is entitled to all the praise of the result. In the fashionable world pretty young wives, if left to their own devices, with unlimited means, do not as a rule amuse themselves with statesmen and savants, with divines and men of letters, grey with fame and infirmities. Surely this passion for intellectual companionship marks Mrs. Montagu as a notable woman, whatever may have been her own qualities as a writer and talker, a point on which, as we said above, we reserve our judgment. The zeal of research and the eagerness of admiration have rather buried Mrs. Montagu's character under a mass of matter, from which we have endeavoured to extricate it, so that a clear portrait may stand out on the canvas. But if Mrs. Climençon's industry has a little marred the artistic effect of her work as the biography of a lady, there is compensation in the various and vivid scenes of society in the first half of the eighteenth century. The domestic life of the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Bullstode; Mrs. Montagu's journey from Yorkshire to London in her coach when the waters were out; Henry Fox's election at Windsor when the mob threw his wig in his face; the picnic with Pitt at Penshurst: all are charming pictures of the way in which the great ones of the earth amused themselves in the Hanoverian age. After everything has been said, too much industry is better than too little; and if Mrs. Climençon will only cultivate a sense of proportion, her next volumes may rank as classical biography.

THE SOUL OF THE URBAN.

"The Heart of the Country:" a Survey of a Modern Land. By Ford Madox Hueffer. London: Alston Rivers. 1906. 5s. net.

THE critic who has to deal with that very modern genus the country-book—if his knowledge go a little beyond the elements of "The Country Corner", and such ruralities of the halfpenny press—meets with a rather curious difficulty, in that the current literature of the fields owes its existence to a

special and comparatively recent ignorance of country affairs. Urban interests are now so preponderant, London has so bricked itself up and shut itself in with its own swarms that rural influences which within living memory penetrated into the heart of the town now fail to reach the suburban fringe. The supply of country-literature is a response to the demand of the street-bred people: it is not the dweller among the hedgerows who wants to be told the colour of starlings' eggs or to read in strange phonetics a version of the talk he hears every day. And the townsman in his special ignorance is not only the consumer but the taster and judge of the supply of country-books; and between the ultimate canons of taste and the immediate effect of personal standpoint and leanings a nice confusion awaits the reviewer who proposes to try the claim of any particular writer to instruct the town. Suppose, in the first instance, that the critic is himself an instinctive Londoner, with such moderate country tastes and science as may be sustained on week-ends and holidays; to him such a book as Mr. Hueffer's will probably appear to be magisterial in knowledge, acute in analysis of rustic character, fragrant with natural descriptions and racy with quaint turns of Arcadian thought. An author who knows what to allow for the straw in keeping accounts for fattening bullocks, who knows where to get a written love-philtre from the wise woman, who takes for his "countryside" all "that portion of the British Isles that is most psychologically English", and moreover can present all this in the Londoner's own shape and order of thought, and in the choice style of the hour; the man who can do this is a discoverer indeed, and his book a document. Suppose, on the other hand, that the critic is fundamentally a countryman, one that has spent the best part of his life—using the phrase in more than its colloquial sense of quantity—in one small corner of the wilderness, to whom clubs and theatres and money-markets and journalism make no appeal, to whom the country silence and space and intercourse with calm-purposed lives or solitude at will are not mere recreation but the very condition of life. A critic with these antecedents will put "The Heart of the Country" through a less generous sieve than the other's. He will probably complain of a want of reverence, a too jaunty handling, a failure to catch the supreme country quality of reserve; to his ear many of the jests and the wise sayings will ring hollow, sometimes to the point of stretching belief: the things told may be observed facts, but they are conveyed in a false timbre of voice and count of time. The censor will detect an insistence on details which are only significant in relation to the town standard; he will hate incredulous the proposal to exhibit a "composite photograph" of a country, as though it were any more possible to blend the characteristics of Westmorland heafs and Kent marshes, or Lancashire rows and Devon lanes, than it would be to make a compound speech of the several dialects spoken in them. "Loompshire" is the fated product of all attempts at generalising "composite" countrysides; and Mr. Anstey has told us what sort of rustics hail from that Arcady. The country critic will smile somewhat grimly to hear that the author has not only found time to investigate "The Soul of London", but proposes to complete his trilogy by a survey of yet another field: in his own isolation he may be pardoned for thinking that Mr. Hueffer is at home in the atmosphere of cigarette smoke and ragoûts and patchouli in the restaurant of the introductory chapter, as he is not again until he gets back, near the end of the book, to the Terrace at Westminster. To find the real heart of the country a man must put away half the things which we have learned to consider the main privilege of our state and age, must exercise humility and patience in a way which, to say the least of it, will seriously upset commerce with the intellectual world. There is a sort of compelling haste which seems to have its will, but is cheated after all by cloud-hybrids in the old way.

To exceptions such as these several answers at once suggest themselves. The country-book is not meant for the countryman: not only is its form and expression and standpoint of selection the townsman's, but it

reveals aspects and motions which the countryman, muffled in custom and seeing at too close quarters, entirely misses. More, the very want of sympathy produces between the two schools a refracting and distorting medium, so that the hedge-critic cannot be quite fair to the foreigner, even with the best intentions. There is an inevitable compensatory law at work here: let the rooted rustic in his turn produce his own country studies, and he will find that his authentic intimacies are inarticulate; there is a balance of gifts everywhere, and his revelations will merely fail to get a hearing in that other world to which he offers them. Pending the appearance of some unborn genius strong enough to bridge the gap, this difference in rural literature seems likely to continue. It is perhaps a symptom of social cleavages worth the consideration of minds which are unaffected by interests of a merely literary kind.

S. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

"Life of St. Alphonsus Liguori..." Written in French by Austin Berthe. Edited in English by Harold Castle. 2 vols. Dublin: Duffy. 1906. 15s.

AT last we have in an English dress something like a worthy monument of one of the most recent and one of the most beneficent saints of the Roman Catholic Church. The monument is of vast proportions: these two volumes between them make up nearly 1,700 large octavo pages. Each volume is so heavy in its weight avoirdupois as to preclude all possibility of arm-chair reading. That is just as well, perhaps, where the life of a saint is concerned which, by reason of the difficult and complicated questions with which it deals, needs a full exercise of the reader's alertness and intelligence. The book is weighted by much detail, and much of the detail, however interesting, regards the often unworthy disciples of the saint, his penitents, his relatives, the political history of the day, his "times" in fact. The truly grand figure of S. Alphonsus seems to us obscured by the vast mass of supplementary matter which the author has attempted to treat. We confess to a liking of the old-fashioned hagiographical method by which the brightness of a particular saint obscured all else, and ignored his "times". Here we are far from the unconscious sublimity of the Seraphic Doctor who, in the prologue to his "Legend of S. Francis", boldly confesses that he has eschewed chronological order so as to avoid confusion of ideas. There speaks the born hagiographer. Père Berthe is a biographer, an historian; that is much; but he is no more. By his method he makes Alphonsus seem more human if you will, but less of a saint. We do not for a moment decry the portraiture of the book or deny its immense utility; it is a perfect mine in which the born hagiographer—if we are ever to see him again—will find all his material ready to hand. We would only urge that S. Alphonsus is a saint as much as any of his compeers of the middle age, and that it is well to remember that he is worthy of a legend rather than (or as well as) a "Life".

Father Castle, the English editor and translator, has done much to perfect and complete the original French work of Père Berthe. There is a copious, almost chatty index to each of the ponderous tomes, notes and corrections, chronological tables, lists of missions and professions and letters, and a complete bibliography of S. Alphonsus' numerous works. The epilogue, taking us through the story of the saint's beatification, canonisation and elevation to the doctorate, and bringing the history of the Redemptorist Order down to 1905, is also, to a great extent, Father Castle's handiwork. His labour has indeed been immense, and it has been so well and so lovingly done that we cannot help hoping that he may some day give us, within a brief compass, a book entirely devoted to Alphonsus Liguori: he is welcome to treat if he will in separate volumes the writings of the saint, his letters, the history of the congregation, the lives of companions and followers.

Alphonsus was born in 1696 near Naples. Destined for the Bar, he with his bright quick amazing talents was already a Doctor of Laws at the age of sixteen,

and he practised at the Neapolitan Bar with brilliant success until he was twenty-seven years old. Then occurred the great change in his life, the revelation on the road to Damascus. He became a priest, a missionary second only to his great contemporary S. Leonard of Port Maurice, the founder through much tribulation of the now widespread Order of Redemptorists, later on at the age of sixty-six bishop of a microscopic troublesome Neapolitan diocese—Sant' Agata dei Goti, and finally deaf, almost blind, crippled, helpless, too paralysed to continue his terrible physical austerities, he peacefully passed out of this life at Nocera, the mother house of his Order, on 16 July 1787 being nearly ninety-one years of age. The Church lost no time in raising this holy old man to the honours of the altar. He was declared a Venerable Servant of God in 1796, beatified in 1816, canonised in 1839, and proclaimed a Doctor of the Universal Church—the nineteenth in number—in 1871. As a teacher he revolutionised some aspects of moral theology. There was more Jansenism in the Church in Italy in the eighteenth century than is commonly supposed: as a consequence rigorism and probabilism dominated the schools. It is the custom to call Alphonsus a probabilist, though he never was so in the laxer sense which that term will bear. He styles himself an equi-probabilist, and his system equi-probabilism: while inclining to mercy, he would appear to hold the balance between the two older schools. It seems odd that Catholics and Protestants alike should have reproached him for inclining to mercy: to our mind it would only seem to show that he was familiar with the Gospels and strove to follow closely in the footsteps of his great Exemplar. The book is thoroughly Roman Catholic, and may prove difficult, distasteful, and even irritating reading to people not versed in works of the kind. But the author is thoroughly candid, and, so far as we can tell, does not seek to cover, or consciously cover, the grave scandals of the time. The public religious life of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies was well nigh choked by an exacting all-pervading regalism that at every turn tried to take the work of feeding the hungry sheep out of the hands of the supreme Pastor. The clergy fawned on the King and his famous minister Tanucci, and by loss of Christian independence lost also moral fibre. Never, surely, was there a story of baser treachery than the successful endeavour of two of Alphonsus' disciples to cheat the congregation of its rule, presenting themselves to the almost blind and deaf old man, and practising on their spiritual father the low cunning of Jacob on Isaac. By their treachery the holy founder was actually for a time no real Redemptorist, and fell under the suspicion of the Holy See to which he was so devoted. He endured all things in patience to the end: but it was only after his death that the Order, escaping all snares and surmounting the last obstacles, came out into the young nineteenth century strong and triumphant.

NOVELS.

"Mr. John Strood." By Percy White. London: Constable. 1906. 6s.

Of the cleverness of Mr. Percy White there has never been any doubt. He stands head and shoulders above the average novelist. And yet in some manner not easily definable he seems frequently to miss the mark. He is brilliant but ineffective. His latest novel "Mr. John Strood" is no exception. It is a subtle and elaborate piece of satire admirably conceived but yet it leaves upon the reader at the finish a sense of disappointment. Mr. John Strood is the private secretary of a great man Laurence Rivers—a sort of latter-day Shelley. The book is cast in the form of a biography of Rivers written by John Strood. It skilfully and amusingly parodies the methods of biographers who make themselves of more importance than the men about whom they write. Mr. John Strood is indeed a noteworthy creation and he stands out as a real flesh and blood personage more understandable and vital than his hero Laurence Rivers. This is, of course, the intention of Mr. Percy White. Mr. Strood, in fact, might serve as a type of

the average man—the mediocrity. He has a certain shrewdness and a fair amount of common sense. He is eminently correct and “respectable” in all his dealings. It is, of course, impossible that a man of his temperament should understand such a character as that which he attempts to portray. In John Strood’s wild guesses at the motives which actuate his hero, in his attempts to fathom the depth of his nature and follow the intricate workings of his mind, in his absolute lack of humour and any sort of imagination or inspiration, Mr. Percy White exhibits the most subtle humour and insight. Remarkably well done are the characters of the women. John’s stepmother, his wife Sophia and Charis Darley are all delightful in their own way. But in spite of excellent characterisation and brilliant dialogue the interest of the story flags from time to time, and the reader cannot help suspecting sometimes that the author is a little bored with the whole thing.

“**Mr. Baxter, Sportsman.**” By Charles F. Marsh. London: Smith, Elder. 1906. 6s.

Quite out of the common run of sporting novels is “Mr. Baxter”. It treats of the shooting enthusiast and shows how far a man will go in strict training and severe abstinence in order that hand and eye may work together with almost faultless accuracy. Mr. Baxter is a true sportsman. Fine shot as he is, he does not fail to recognise that others can shoot not perhaps as well as he, but very nearly. He is a good sort in every way and it is through his good offices that a charming story is brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

“**A Romance in Radium.**” By J. Henry Harris. London: Greening. 1906. 3s. 6d.

The writer of this futile novel is an imitator of Mr. H. G. Wells. From the planet Muron a lovely visitor comes to earth to learn the ways of men and women. Mr. Wells with his ingenuity and smattering of scientific knowledge might perhaps have made something of the theme. But Mr. Harris has produced merely a silly story which neither interests nor amuses.

“**The Sign of the Golden Fleece.**” By David Lyall. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1906. 6s.

This is a collection of blameless stories of a strictly conventional type. We suspect that “Mr. Lyall” is a lady, and that the stories were originally written for serial publication in a magazine. The characters dealt with are mere puppets, and their deeds and words have no relation to real life. The stories are not badly written, but they are devoid of colour.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

“**Life of Sir John T. Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A., Irish Historian and Archivist; Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy; Secretary of the Public Record Office in Ireland.**” By his Wife, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. London: Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

Sir John Gilbert belonged to a group of Irishmen whose work in history and archaeology, long before the Celtic Renaissance had been imagined, made Dublin life interesting. Though he came of a Devonshire stock, his mother was an Irish Roman Catholic of decided views which prevented her son from obtaining a University education. Few young men would, in all probability, have profited more by a systematic training, for he showed from the first a passion for historical research. At nineteen he was taking a prominent part in the association which grew into the “Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society”, and published a series of interesting and important documents in early Celtic literature. He was the friend of O'Donovan, O'Curry, Dr. Reeves, Dr. Todd, Dr. Graves, and the poet Denis Florence McCarthy, and his own services to learning were considerable. In three distinct directions he did good work, the recovery and publication of Irish manuscripts, the local history of Dublin, and the illustration of general Irish history in the seventeenth century. In the last province he gave important help to S. R. Gardiner. After exposing the deficiencies in the management of Irish public records, he was appointed secretary of the remodelled Record Office, a post which he held until the Treasury

abolished it in a fit of economy. The life of such a man was worth writing, but unfortunately his widow, a novelist of some distinction, seems to have little conception of a biographer's duties. We have never taken up a Life so distended by trivial and ephemeral letters. Most of these are from friends (some even are notes of condolence to Lady Gilbert on her husband's death), and when they raise points of historical interest Gilbert's answers are not preserved.

“**A Friend of Marie Antoinette.**” By Frédéric Barbey. London: Chapman and Hall. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

From the point of view of the rigid historian of France what is known as “Question Louis XVII.”—what became of the Dauphin—is supremely unimportant and even uninteresting. Nevertheless a great pile of volumes have treated of the subject, and the end of them all is complete mystery. The latest contribution—one is surprised that Mr. Lang has not yet brought out a book on the question—is by Frédéric Barbey. It has been translated into English and Victorien Sardou introduces it in a lively preface. It takes us a little further into the unknown country of the Dauphin end, but only a little. The friend of Marie Antoinette was Lady Atkyns, known in France as “Madame Hakins or Aquins”—as the terrible Hawkins was known to Philip of Spain as “Achins”—a Drury Lane actress who married a peer. She was an enthusiastic admirer of Marie Antoinette and managed to bribe her way into the Temple to have an interview with the Queen. As Sardou says there were patriots about the Temple who, despite their horror of “Pitt's gold”, loved English money better than the paper stuff of the Republic. After the death of the Queen, Lady Atkyns strove hard to get the Dauphin out of prison, and this entertaining book seems to prove that he actually did not die there; but if he was brought out of prison the mystery of what became of him afterwards is quite unexplained. It is possible, as here suggested, that actually the Dauphin did not come out of prison at all, but that Lady Atkyns was deceived by those who professed to be acting for her in France. It is a pretty romance anyway, and a few words at least of it might be given as a footnote to the history of France.

“**A Woman of Wit and Wisdom.**” By Alice C. C. Gausson. London: Smith, Elder. 1906. 7s. 6d. net.

This is an easy and pleasant sketch of the uneventful life of an eighteenth century Englishwoman, sage, cultivated and upright, Elizabeth Carter, one of the “Bas-Bleu” Society 1717-1806. It has been made chiefly through the unpublished letters and papers possessed by members of the family to-day and by the Carter Institute at Deal where Elizabeth Carter lived. Johnson, Fanny Burney and Richardson appear in these pages. For Johnson, Elizabeth Burney, who knew him for fifty years, had a great regard. She writes about his “refined and delicate way of thinking”, which to-day is about the last thing we should say about him. Richardson before creating Sir Charles Grandison consulted her as to her notion of the perfect man, uniting the fine gentleman and the Christian, that everyone wanted him to draw. She gave him this: “One distinguishing part of his character must be an absolute superiority to false glory and false shame, a steady opposition to the false maxims of the world in essential points and a perfectly good-natured compliance in trifles.” She began with platitudes, and ended with discrimination and uncommon sense. Pulteney was another friend of hers, but the notes on this forty-eight hour Prime Minister are rather disappointing. On the whole the memoir is well worth reading for those who are interested in eighteenth century literature and life in England.

“**The New Scheme of Naval Training.**” Lecture by F. A. Ewing, delivered at R.N. College, Portsmouth, 11 May, 1906.

The lecture delivered at Portsmouth by the Director of Naval Education will clear up misunderstanding on the subject of the new scheme of naval training which has been subjected to much ill-informed criticism both in and out of Parliament. Everyone must admit the necessity for reform imposed by modern conditions and the arrangements made for the future seem the best that could be made in the circumstances. Only a rough estimate can be made of fleet requirements ten years hence and perhaps the number of lieutenants which it is believed will be wanted to specialise is put rather under than over the mark, whilst two years' service as a junior engineer appears a short time to qualify for the position of senior engineer, but then this minimum will probably be exceeded in practice. The advantages of the new system of training become evident when it is remembered that the system under which watchkeepers might be called upon to do refitting at any moment was totally unsuited to a period of war and the opportunities now given to the stoker class of rising to warrant rank without any interference with the chances of promotion of engine-room artificers ought to allay the suspicions entertained by some of the labour party. The advent of Turbine machinery has fortunately simplified the problem the Admiralty were called upon to solve and an unprejudiced consideration of

the new scheme justifies the belief of those responsible for it that it holds all "the elements of success". It cannot be too often repeated that there is no intention of introducing "Interchangeability" as understood in the American navy.

"Buck Whaley's Memoirs." Edited by Sir Edward Sullivan. De La More Press. 1906. 21s. net.

This is a book of fair interest printed from the papers of the author which Sir Edward Sullivan discovered by accident through a sale in a London auction-room. Whaley's account of his travels to Jerusalem and elsewhere was known to be in existence, but its whereabouts was a mystery for half a century. Whaley himself meant to publish these reminiscences anonymously during his lifetime by subscription, but he was prevented doing so. Whaley enjoyed his life to the full, but had grave doubts as an elder whether he had spent it to good advantage. He touches on this in a somewhat prosy and solemn "Retrospective" at the end of his book. The value of these memoirs is moderate; they are too full of personal and somewhat trivial matter, and have no literary charm. The editor supplies notes and a careful, scholarly introduction.

A new motor map has just been issued by the Perrier Company, price 10s. 6d. The main roads are marked with a double red line and the side roads with a single red line, distances being clearly shown. The map has been specially prepared for the Company, and every care has been taken to make the study of roads simple and expeditious.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Juin. 3 fr.

M. Charmes is evidently apprehensive as to the outcome for his country of the general election, the majority of the Bloc will be so large that the only hope of its adversaries will lie in its moderation a precarious safeguard in truth! The result of the Second Ballot he attributes to the wish of large numbers to be on the winning side. This is no doubt true of all elections, but no Frenchman seems to us to put sufficient value in an electoral sense on the action of Government itself in determining the issue. It is in fact very hard to appraise accurately the number of votes won by official pressure. A préfet who wishes to stand well with his official chiefs, and what préfet does not? will take care that every Government employé under him votes straight, the loss of a seat does not necessarily mean the overthrow of the Government and the constituency will thus suffer in a hundred ways for its change of opinion. Many pleasant concessions will be lost which Government can bestow upon its friends, this affects an enormous number of votes and weighs heavily when the actual polling arrives. A few official warnings adroitly administered soon suppress the discontent which may have been widely expressed. M. Clémenceau was well chosen by his party to conduct the elections. M. Benoist begins a series of articles which promise well on the influence of Machiavelli, and Pierre Loti brings to its close his long extravagant romance of which a Turkish lady is the heroine. M. de Sizeranne has an interesting criticism on decorative art in the 1906 exhibition in Paris. We are, he thinks, neglecting the construction of the house while we occupy ourselves with decorative details.

THE JUNE REVIEWS.

An article in the "Fortnightly" by the Bishop of Ripon favours of undenominationalism in education; a second in the "National" by the Bishop of Manchester opposing the idea that all public elementary schools must necessarily be state controlled, and a third by Mr. M. Maltman Barrie in the "Nineteenth Century" taking up the paradoxical line that secular education would be in the best interests of religious truth, are the contributions of the leading monthly reviews to the discussion of the Education Bill. That Dr. Boyd Carpenter is concerned for the future of religious education is beyond question but how he hopes to assist religion by the abandonment of denominationalism is hard to see. His idea seems to be that denominational teaching stands in the way of that reunion to which so many good Christians look forward. He wants the Christian Churches to live more in co-operation and less in competition, but we cannot regard his proposed compromise as anything else than surrender to Nonconformity which is precisely what the Government would like. The direct negative with which the Bishop of Manchester meets the very principle of the Bill leaves no room for the undenominational idea, and he boldly asserts that "if the dual system, the co-existence of State and voluntary schools, is abolished, the disappearance of religious instruction from the school curriculum is a mere question of time". Mr. Barrie's plea—that the parent has no rights in his child but only duties, and that the child should be left to discover for himself the religious instinct which is inherent in all men—is surely the wildest ever advanced by one who claims to be a friend of religion. Because of his conviction

that the religious question is of infinite importance he opposes the claims of both Churchmen and nonconformists.

Russia and her first Parliament is the subject of two articles in the "Fortnightly" one by Professor Paul Vinogradoff, the other by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport; both take a gloomy view of the prospect. Professor Vinogradoff says that M. Goremykin will not avert the coming crash, his record being no better than Count Witte's and his ability certainly less. In the "Contemporary" Dr. Dillon takes the view that what Russia really needed was to give Count Witte unfettered power as Prime Minister. He regards M. Goremykin as a political creature of General Trepoff. "So little weight does he carry in Russia that friends and enemies alike regard him as a political jelly-fish. He is incapable of planning a rounded policy, or of doing three hours' work without lying down. In very wide circles the whole move is regarded as fraught with disaster to Russia, because it implies a system and men at the head of the system who are deaf and blind, for, although nothing is easier than to dismiss M. Goremykin in a week or a fortnight, it is extremely difficult to uproot a system of government by secret caucus, where every member is autocratic yet nobody is responsible." In the "Nineteenth Century" Professor Vambéry gives an account of the behaviour of the Tartars since constitutional rights were proclaimed to all Russians. Colonel C. E. Yate writing on England and Russia in Persia has much to say of the Baghdad railway, urging that the British share in the project should be commensurate with British interests—which he describes as "overwhelmingly preponderant". British interests in the Persian Gulf are the subject of an article also in "Blackwood". The writer says the state of things at Bahrein is little worthy of our name or consonant with our reputation, and he appeals to the Government to assist British officials in the Gulf who at present "are set a task as impossible of accomplishment as that of the Israelites of old; for they are expected to further the interests of their compatriots, maintain the prestige of their country, and right the wrong, with insufficient authority upon the spot and but little help from home".

Opposite views as to the proper method of controlling native races within the empire are taken by Mr. H. W. V. Temperley in the "Contemporary" and Mr. F. S. Tatham of the Natal Parliament in the "National". As a colonist Mr. Tatham resents the line taken in certain quarters regarding Lord Elgin's intervention. "Happily, the common sense of the Colonial Office authorities eventually triumphed, and, for the time being, at all events, the natives understand that England does not stand for murder and rapine, but that, on the contrary, she will, through the local representative of the King, exact stern and just retribution from those guilty of such crimes. To encourage them in any other belief indeed would have been nothing less than a crime against humanity." Mr. Temperley suggests that a new office should be created in the British Government in connexion with the Colonial Office specially charged with native affairs, but he seems to us to show that such a portfolio is not necessary and is not likely to meet with approval in the self-governing colonies when he says that every colony which has natives under its charge has such a Minister.

A capital article on the prospects of Liberal finance by Sir Robert Giffen in the "Nineteenth Century" will possibly induce Mr. Asquith to wonder whether after all he was wise not to take something off the income-tax. Sir Robert does not find the indications of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's mind altogether satisfactory if a long view of the country's requirements is taken, but "there is time for amendment". Surveying the national finances under various heads, such as Imperial defence, the reduction of the debt, the relief of the income-tax payer, the broadening of the basis of taxation and local and imperial burdens, he contends that in pressing for debt reduction without first putting taxation right we are proceeding on a wrong path. He concludes that the income-tax should be reduced to a peace rate before the debt is dealt with and in his view Mr. Asquith has missed an opportunity for improving the national credit and relieving the taxpayer.

"Ibsen as I Knew Him" by Mr. William Archer has the first place in a good number of the "Monthly" which seems now to aim at detaching itself from controversial questions of the hour. Two other articles in the "Monthly" of particular note are Mr. Algernon Turner's hints to English landlords for the improvement of their estates and the betterment of the peasants' opportunity—a paper that might be read with interest in conjunction with Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's in the "Nineteenth" on the possibilities of peasant ownership in Sussex—and Mr. F. Carrell's on the allurements of the gaming tables of Monte Carlo, which he regards as a permanent temptation to visitors to risk their substance. "On moral grounds the gaming at Monte Carlo is indefensible. It is a device whereby a human failing is most strongly fostered." Professor R. Y. Tyrrell in the "Fortnightly" dealing with "Words, Words, Words" points out some of the solecisms for which the modern novelist and journalist—the writer in the big reviews as well as the daily paper—is responsible. His hints will be useful to them if they care enough about the matter to wish to avoid not merely slipshod style but positive errors.

FRENCH REVIEWS OF ARCHÆOLOGY
AND ART.

"Journal des Savants." Mai. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr.

In "La coupe d'or du roi Charles V." M. Léopold Delisle summarises Mr. C. Hercules Read's excellent paper in "Vetusta Monumenta" VII. on the celebrated cup—"le plus précieux chef d'œuvre de l'orfèvrerie française à la fin du XIV^e siècle qui soit parvenu jusqu'à nous"—which the British Museum owes mainly to the exertions of the late Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks. The cup, which represents in translucent enamel scenes from the Life of S. Agnes, was very likely ordered by that refined lover of art, Jean duc de Berry, to be presented to King Charles V. of France on his birthday, which coincided with the feast of S. Agnes on 21 January. The King died before the birthday for which the gift was intended came on, and the Duke offered it in 1391 to Charles VI., at the death of whom it was purchased by the Duke of Bedford, then regent of the kingdom. King Henry VI. of England inherited it from his uncle Bedford, and it remained in England till 1606, when James I. presented it to the Spanish Ambassador. M. A. de Lapparent's second and last article on "L'Épopée antarctique" records the later history of the South Pole expeditions, from Ross to the present day, and shows that the scientific results already obtained, however important, are only a beginning. Nobody could be more competent than M. G. Radet, the learned author of "La Lydie et le monde grec", to argue on "La topographie d'Ephèse" which he knows so well. Of especial interest to English readers will be M. H. Dehérain's able study on "La prise de possession de Sainte-Hélène par la Grande Bretagne au XVII^e siècle".

"Monuments et Mémoires publiés par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres (fondation Eugène Piot). Tome XII, fascicules 1 et 2. Paris: Leroux. 50 fr.

M. Léonce Bénédite's "La stèle dite du Roi Serpent" is rather unsatisfactory: the author gives us his views on the mythological and historical associations of this very early Egyptian monument in such an obscure and confused way that it is difficult to understand what he really means. At any rate he utterly fails to justify the extraordinary infatuation which led both the Berlin Museum and the Louvre to run up the price at the Amélineau sale in 1903 to the extravagant sum of over £4,000, the Louvre remaining the highest bidder. In "Le chien du roi Soumou-ilou" M. Léon Heuzey comments in a charming and scholarly way on one of the most interesting discoveries made at Tello, the antique Sirpoula or Lagash, by Captain Gaston Cros, the successful continuer of the late M. de Sarzec's celebrated excavations at the same place. The dog figured by this exquisite little monument is a prototype of Assourbanibal's dogs in the relief at the British Museum. It was dedicated to the goddess Nin-Isin by a certain Abbadougga who filled some religious functions under a hitherto unknown King of Ur named Soumou-ilou, towards the last quarter of the third millennium B.C. At a much later period—very likely at the time of the Seleucids when the Græco-Syrian dynast Adadnadinakhès rebuilt Sirpoula—a small recipient, in steatite like the statuette itself, was added on the back of the dog, probably for the purpose of turning it into an inkstand! M. Maxime Collignon's "Deux lécythes attiques à fond blanc et à peintures polychromes (Musée du Louvre et Musée archéologique de Madrid)" is a capital contribution to our knowledge of the history of Greek painting and ceramics. The two magnificent vases here commented upon are of quite unusual size (96 and 95 centim.), and the author shows that those very large lekythoi were used towards the end of the fifth and the beginning of the fourth century B.C. for the outside decoration of tombs, in the same way as the marble ones. The "Bronzes syriens" studied by M. André de Ridder are of a purely archaeological interest. M. Héron de Villefosse's article on "Les sarcophages peints trouvés à Carthage" is of unusual importance, as the author introduces here for the first time to the public at large works of art of the first rank made at Carthage during the fourth century B.C. by Greek artists, on a purely non-Greek motive—viz. the anthropoid sarcophagus. The coloured figure of the principal of these monuments, which were brought to light by Father Delattre, is a real revelation. "Un catalogue figuré de la batellerie gréco-romaine: la mosaïque d'Althiburus", by M. Paul Gauckler, "Dosiades et Théocrite offrant leurs poèmes à Apollon et à Pan", by M. H. Omont, and "Un bas-relief de bronze du Musée du Louvre", by M. Etienne Michon, complete the first half-yearly fasciculus—one of the best ones the "Monuments Piot" have given us for a long time.

The second fasciculus opens with an excellent article by M. Etienne Michon on a "Lécythe funéraire en marbre de style attique" lately purchased by the Louvre; the author reviews in a scholarly and interesting way the different monuments of the same kind at the Louvre and other museums. M. Gustave Schlumberger gives us a new and quite conclusive explanation of "L'inscription du reliquaire byzantin en forme d'église du Trésor d'Aix la Chapelle," and M. de Mély studies

"Le Trésor de la Sacristie des Patriarches de Moscou". "Le Modèle de l'église Saint-Maclou à Rouen", by M. Arthur Frothingham, "La Vierge et l'Enfant", statue en pierre peinte (Musée du Louvre), by M. André Michel, and "Deux œuvres de la Renaissance italienne" by M. Gaston Migeon are all three valuable contributions to the history of art during the Renaissance. The illustrations in this volume are, as usual, as perfect as can be.

"L'Art et les Artistes." Mai. Paris: 173 Boulevard St. Germain 1.50 fr.

The great artistic event of the season in Paris has been the exhibition of miniatures (1750 to 1815) at the Bibliothèque Nationale. M. Henri Bouchot gives us a glimpse of it in a very interesting article, the illustrations of which (in colour) are exquisite. M. Armand Dayot's "Anders Zorn" excellently comments on the great Danish artist's works, with very good reproductions of some of his best aquafortis. "La Méduse à Paris" is an unfortunate attempt by M. Louis Vauxcelles to meddle with Greek Art, of which he betrays a most amusing ignorance. The marble Gorgon's head here puffed is one—and a very poor and late one—of the many existing antique imitations of a renowned original in bronze of the end of the fifth century B.C., which has come down to us through the magnificent marble replica at Munich known as the Rondanini Medusa. M. Gustave Geffroy gives us his views on "Carrière peintre de portraits". "Le Mois Artistique", by M. Maurice Guillemot, is as interesting as usual.

"Gazette des Beaux-Arts." Mai. Paris: 8 Rue Favart. 7.50 fr.

"Les Salons de 1906 (1^{re} article)", by M. Paul Jamot, shows that the author is as competent and tasteful a judge in modern art as he is well known to be in Greek and ancient art. The article opens with a study on the late Eugène Carrière, explaining a good many things in the painter's technique, which to the non-initiated look at first sight rather unpleasant. M. André Michel comments on "Les récentes acquisitions du Département de la Sculpture au Musée du Louvre", in the Moyen-âge, Renaissance and Temps Modernes section. "L'Exposition centennale à Berlin", by M. L. Réau, is extremely interesting, and puts before us a good many clever and genial painters, the works of which are scarcely known outside Germany. In "L'Art et l'Archéologie au Théâtre" M. Louis Laloy criticises the scenery of M. C. Erlanger's "Aphrodite" at the Opéra Comique.

"La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne." Mai. Paris: 28 Rue du Mont-Thabor. 7.50 fr.

After M. Henri Bouchot in "L'Art et les Artistes" M. Henri Marcel, the present "administrateur" of the Bibliothèque Nationale, gives us in his turn an excellent review of the marvellous exhibition of miniatures which lately met with such a great success. "Houdon portraitiste de sa femme et de ses enfants" forms the subject of an interesting study by M. Paul Vitry. In her second and last article on "La sculpture italienne du XIV^e siècle et son dernier historien" Mlle. Louise Pillion fails to give us any conclusive proof of French art having had any influence on fourteenth-century Italian sculpture. The article is however very clever and pleasant to read. M. Raymond Bouyer's first article on "Les Salons de 1906" is devoted to the pictures. M. Louis Gillet's concluding article on "La Renaissance du triptyque" is as good as the first one, which is saying much. "Centaure marin et Silène" by

(Continued on page 734.)

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M. Etienne Michon is an excellent and scholarly study on an antique group of the Hellenistic period, formerly at Versailles and now at the Louvre.

"Art et Décoration." Mai. Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 2 fr.

"Les Peintures d'Henri Martin, pour le Capitole de Toulouse" form the object of an interesting monograph by M. Henri Marcel; the coloured facsimile of one of the artist's studies is again a marvel of technical skill. M. Léonce Bénédite gives us a good obituary of the late great painter Fantin-Latour. The pageant held at Brussels last year on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Belgium's independence has been recorded by Paul Renouard in a series of lively sketches which M. Paul Vitry reviews in "Une nouvelle série de Dessins de Paul Renouard". "Les Ouvrages de Ferronnerie de Grosset", by M. Ch. Gennys, gives us a good example of art in iron work.

"Les Arts." Mai. Paris: 24 Boulevard des Italiens. 2 fr.

In "Les Salons de 1906" M. Henri Vauxcelles finds himself on his own ground, and the article as well as the illustrations is first rate. M. Gaston Migeon's second article on "La Collection de M. Paul Garnier" is devoted to the works of art of the middle ages and Renaissance in this splendid collection; "Fantin-Latour: Groupes et portraits d'artistes et d'Hommes de Lettres", by M. Adolphe Jullien, is a most important and interesting contribution to the artistic and literary history of the nineteenth century.

For this Week's Books see page 736.

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Working Profit	£140,258 8 3	£2 7 11'684

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Interest and Exchange	0 13 6
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